

SOME RHYMES
OF IRONQUILL
OF KANSAS

V XXX V Zoph Shes



SETH R. HUNTINGTON

To my Mother
I present this offering
from Kansas.

J. M. S.

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OF
IRONQUILL

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“I'll wear Arcturus for a bosom pin”



CHICAGO

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PREFACE.

When back into the alphabet
The critic's satires shall have crumbled,
When into dust his hand is humbled,
One verse of mine may linger yet.

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SOME RHYMES OF IRONQUILL

THE WASHERWOMAN'S SONG.

In a very humble cot,
In a rather quiet spot,
 In the suds and in the soap,
 Worked a woman full of hope;
Working, singing, all alone,
In a sort of undertone :
 “ With the Savior for a friend,
 He will keep me to the end.”

Sometimes happening along,
I had heard the semi-song,
 And I often used to smile,
 More in sympathy than guile;
But I never said a word
In regard to what I heard,
 As she sang about her friend
 Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow nor in glee
Working all day long was she,
 As her children, three or four,
 Played around her on the floor ;
But in monotones the song
She was humming all day long :
 “ With the Savior for a friend,
 He will keep me to the end.”

It's a song I do not sing,
For I scarce believe a thing
 Of the stories that are told
 Of the miracles of old ;
But I know that her belief
Is the anodyne of grief,
 And will always be a friend
 That will keep her to the end.

Just a trifle lonesome she,
Just as poor as poor could be ;
 But her spirits always rose,
 Like the bubbles in the clothes,
And, though widowed and alone,
Cheered her with the monotone,
 Of a Savior and a friend
 Who would keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub,
On the washboard in the tub,
While the baby, sopped in suds,
Rolled and tumbled in the duds;
Or was paddling in the pools,
With old scissors stuck in spoons;
She still humming of her friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds
Have their root in human needs;
And I should not wish to strip
From that washerwoman's lip
Any song that she can sing,
Any hope that songs can bring;
For the woman has a friend
Who will keep her to the end.

AN OPEN LETTER TO IRONQUILL.

DEAR SIR: I have read again and again, with indescribable pleasure and sadness, your "Washer-woman's Song"—pleasure, because it is really beautiful, and voices correctly the joy of Christ's poor ones; sadness, because you say you are shut out from a hope, which, though not always so bright and cheerful, is worth more than all else this world affords. You will pardon me for addressing you in this public manner, for I know that many men of intellect and culture occupy positions not dissimilar to your own, and I hope in this way to make some suggestions which will reach both you and them, and not be inappropriate to the subject, whether they shall prove valuable or useless. Reading between the lines, I think I can see a thorough interest, a sort of inquiry, a desire to possess a hope like, or at least equal to, that of the heroine of your song. If this were not so, I could scarcely interest myself sufficiently to write you, for I confess I have but little patience with that class of criticism that flip-pantly brushes aside the mysteries of God, Christ and immortality as fit only for the contemplation of "women and children." To me these mysteries are the profoundest depths. I have no plummet heavy enough, nor line long enough, to reach the bottom. I may push them aside for a time, while other things

engross me, but they come unbidden again and again across my path. It is so with you.

What is God? It may be sufficient for some to answer, "God is a spirit, infinite," etc.; but this answer gives but very little light to me. And yet I know that I am amenable to laws definite and certain, with penalties positive and fixed, which I never made or agreed to have made, and which I can never change, even in the most minute particular. Whence these laws? Is nature, with its exactitude, a chance? Who believes that? I have doubted whether there is a God, but I never disbelieved it. Bringing all my reason to bear upon it, I find that the best I can do is to dismiss the doubt as far as I can, and accept the fact.

Still but little is gained practically. The laws are known, and the consequences of disobedience are also known. What matters it whence the laws come? I have never seen God; I shall not see him with these eyes. I do not understand the methods of his government. They seem to be harsh and severe as often as they are kind and merciful. Death takes, all too soon, the gentle mother from her untrained child, as well as the worthless vagabond of whom the world is well rid. You do not understand it any better than I, but the fact remains. To know, then, that there is a God is nothing to us, unless it be a foundation upon which we can build something more?

Who then was Christ of whom the washerwoman sung day after day?

That such a man existed is not doubted. Think

over all the best men you ever knew, and then select the very best, and tell me if he does not fall too far short for comparison. There are as good men living now as ever lived—men fully equal to Daniel, Isaiah or John, and far better than Moses, David, or Peter. Among the best Christ stands alone; and yet he was the boldest impostor that ever appeared on the earth, if he was not divine. Christ was and is a fact. He comes across our way and must be disposed of. He was either the exemplification of God to men, or a most transparent fraud and hypocrite. I have doubted whether he was “God manifest in the flesh,” but I never disbelieved it. If he was divine, then—

“The stories that are told
Of the miracles of old”

are easy of belief.

As to the proofs of immortality, you have doubtless pondered them well. They rest partly on God and Christ, and partly on the unsatisfying nature of this life. It is said that the average human life is thirty-four years. Who can say that it is worth living if this is all? Pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow, light and darkness, are about as equally distributed as day and night. Who that has lived it would ask to live it again in just the same way, and without any benefit from the experience already passed? Infancy prattles into childhood, childhood glides into youth, youth leaps into manhood, and manhood goes grudgingly into old age; and in each succession the dreamer anticipates that the next will bring something more

substantial and satisfactory, but the anticipation is never realized, and the substantial and satisfactory never come. Do you not find it so? I have doubted my immortality, but I never disbelieved it.

If you ask me why the truth as to these momentous matters is not more clearly revealed, or why we were not given reason and judgment to fathom and understand them, I answer I do not know. But that does not dispose of them. If I were to ask you why you have not reason and judgment to decide at once, and wisely, the ten thousand questions of every-day life, your answer would be, "I do not know." But nevertheless you go on reasoning, doubting, deciding, and doubting after you decide, fortunate indeed if you are generally right, and certain indeed to be often wrong.

I have written thus far so as to be able to say that when you write "I scarce believe a thing," your true position is, that you doubt whether the woman has a real foundation upon which to build her song. And if I am right in this, then further to suggest that there is nothing unusual or unreasonable in such a doubt. Nay, more: when reason, judgment, and all other faculties and means for arriving at truth are imperfect, it seems to me that a perfect faith is unattainable, and doubt becomes a necessity. To questions like these, and many others, there is no absolute demonstration here and now.

Did it ever occur to you that the woman did not always have that serene faith which you ascribe to her? Do you not know that she often wondered, and

wondering doubted, not, perhaps, whether there is a God, but whether he is merciful, or even just? Do you not know that to her it is an unsolved problem why she was left alone to support four children at one dollar a day, when you could make twenty dollars a day at work less burdensome and exhaustive? If she had called on you, when passing her door, to explain this problem to her poor understanding, what could you have said? She probably knew it was as inexplicable to you as to her, and therefore did not ask. There is an answer, but neither you nor I occupy a plane sufficiently exalted fully to comprehend and speak it—"Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

There are two classes of persons who never have doubts: the one, who see through these mysteries at a glance, or think they do; and the other, "who never had a dozen thoughts in all their lives."

The washerwoman sung away most of hers in her beautiful song; and shall we, who cannot sing, linger about Doubting Castle until old Giant Despair entices us into his gloomy prison-house? No; for while we see that there is doubt in reason, we will hold that there must be reason in doubt, and it must itself be dragged into the light, subjected to the severest scrutiny, and made our help rather than our ruin.

Galileo called doubt the "father of invention."

"Who never doubted never half believed—where doubt, there truth is. It is its shadow."

One not given much to doubt, and never to de-

spair, has said: "Now we see through a glass darkly." But there is a light—that light is Christ as revealed in the Scriptures. Blot it out, and the darkness is to me impenetrable.

I have said nothing of the unseen help that comes to the weak of faith. Though mysterious, I believe in it. Your heroine knew of it. The heathen seem to grasp it as if by instinct, and have crystallized it into the maxim, "The gods help them that help themselves." Faith will grow if cultivated by good works, and the unseen help will be a friend that will keep us to the end.

Very truly yours,

N. C. MCFARLAND.

Washington, D. C.

KRITERION.

[*A reply to Judge McFarland.*]

I see the spire,
I see the throng,
I hear the choir,
I hear the song ;
I listen to the anthem, while
It pours its volume down the aisle ;
I listen to the splendid rhyme
That, with a melody sublime,
Tells of some far-off, fadeless clime—
Of man and his finality,
Of hope, and immortality.

Oh, theme of themes !
Are men mistaught ?
Are hopes like dreams,
To come to naught ?
Is all the beautiful and good
Delusive and misunderstood ?
And has the soul no forward reach ?
And do indeed the facts impeach
The theories the teachers teach ?

And is this immortality
Delusion, or reality?

What hope reveals
Mind tries to clasp,
But soon it reels
With broken grasp.

No chain yet forged on anvil's brink
Was stronger than its weakest link;
And are there not along this chain
Imperfect links that snap in twain
When caught in logic's tensile strain?
And is not immortality
The child of ideality?

And yet—at times—
We get advice
That seems like chimes
From paradise;

The soul doth sometimes seem to be
In *sunshine* which it cannot see;
At times the spirit seems to roam
Beyond the land, above the foam,
Back to some half-forgotten home.
Perhaps—this immortality
May be indeed reality.

THE FISHER MAIDEN.

Thou maiden with eyes so dreamy,
Thou child of the waves and spray,
Thy home is beside the ocean,
Where wearisome breakers play.
Come, sit thee down here beside me
And list to the words I say.

My heart is a stormy ocean,
And out on its rocky slopes
The turbulent waves are flinging
The spars, the keels and the ropes :—
The wrecks of my aspiration,
The wrecks of my stranded hopes.

My heart is an angry ocean.
The gales, as they come and go,
Bestrew it with wreck and ruin,
But down in its waves below,
The pearls and the red-ripe corals
Unselfishly gleam and glow.

O! launch on this stormy ocean,
Thou child of the waves and spray;
Thy boat will be borne securely,
Until, at the close of day,
The crimson of life's last twilight
Shall fade in the west away.

POLITICS.

Many the childhood friends of mine
That started ahead of me,
Fearless in ignorance, buoyant in hope,
To sail on the vitriol sea.
Little they knew of the depth or the scope
Of the treacherous vitriol sea.

Some of them sailed in painted boats,
Most beautiful things to see :
Gossamer boats of ephemeral wood,
As fragile as ever could be ;
Soon to discover that wood was not good
In the cankering vitriol sea.

Many tried brass, and some tried glass,
To sail on the vitriol sea,
Mindless alike of corrosion or storms
They sailed with hilarious glee,
Happy to-day, but to-morrow in swarms
To be sunk in the vitriol sea.

"Where did they wish to go," you ask,

"That sailed on the vitriol sea?"

That is a something I never shall know,

'Tis a mystery even to me.

Still they did go, and continue to go,

And sail on the vitriol sea.

THE MINNESONG.

Once a falcon I possessed ;
And full many a knight and vassal
Watched him from my father's castle,
As, in gaudy ribbon dressed,
He would seek with fiery eye
Battle in the roomy sky,
And return to be caressed.

Once a lover I possessed ;
On the field of battle knighted,
And at tournaments, delighted,
Did I watch his fiery crest.
Woven from the silken strands
By my own unaided hands,
Was the baldric on his breast.

But one day my bird did soar,
When the sky was black and stormy ;
And my knight, whose fondness for me
Seemed as changeless as before,

Rode away in the crusade ;
And as years successive fade,
They return to me no more.

* * * * *

Ah ! In every land and tongue—
Loved by emperor and vassal,
Serf in hovel, knight in castle—
Ever old yet ever young,
Sung until the hours grew late,
Was the song of love and fate
Which the minnesinger sung.

THE GRANGER'S TEXT.

Long the Topeka convention wrangled,
 "Good men for office" got into a balk,
Grange nominations were hopelessly tangled,
 Sargent got up and gave them a talk;
 Said to the delegates quarreling so:
 "Smooth it over and let it go."

Many a time I have thought of the quarrel
 That "good men for office" so often reach;
Many a time I have thought that a moral
 Shone like a lantern in Sargent's speech,
 When he suggested to friend and foe,
 "Smooth it over and let it go."

When a fierce editor, boiling with fury,
 Paints you with hot editorial tar,
Don't start a libel suit, don't hire a jury,
 Don't seek redress from the bench or the bar;
 Lies sometimes vanish, facts always grow,
 "Smooth it over and let it go."

When you consent to be placed on a ticket,
 When you have made up your mind to run,

Speed it your best—the political thicket
Tears off your clothes, but makes lots of fun ;
If you are minus a vote or so,
“Smooth it over and let it go.”

Efforts and hopes may be lighter or graver,
Either in politics, business, or fame ;
Things may go crooked, and friendships may waver,
Nevertheless, the rule is the same ;
Facts will be facts ; when you find it so,
“Smooth it over and let it go.”

THE KANSAS HERDER.

He rode by starlight o'er the prairies dim,
While melancholy, with an aimless whim,
Through trackless grass was blindly leading him.

And then he said : " Beneath the heavens' blue curve,
There has been fate misfortune would not serve ;
There has been love misfortune could not swerve."

But as he spake these words, it seemed that they
Fell volatile, like autumn leaves, and lay
Till zephyrs came and swept them all away.

And then he said : " O words of love, alas !
As light as feathers, frangible as glass,
The last to come, and yet the first to pass."

The prairie, ever echoless, could make
No answer back. Impassible, opaque,
The night air smothered what he wildly spake.

The prairie larks sang at the break of day ;
He heard them not, but as he lifeless lay
He wore a smile, faint, thoughtful, far away.

THE KANSAS OCTOBER.

The cheeriness and charm
Of forest and of farm
Are merging into colors sad and sober ;
The hectic frondage drapes
The nut trees and the grapes—
September yields to opulent October.

The cottonwoods that fringe
The streamlets take the tinge ;
Through opal haze the sumac bush is burning ;
The lazy zephyrs lisp,
Through cornfields dry and crisp,
Their fond regrets for days no more returning.

The farm dog leaves the house
To flush the timid grouse ;
The languid steers on blue-stem lawns are feeding ;
The evening twilight sees
The rising Pleiades,
While autumn suns are to the south receding.

To me there comes no thrill
Of gloominess or chill,

As leaflets fade from branches elm or oaken ,
As lifelessly they hang,
To me there comes no pang ;
To me no grief the falling leaves betoken.

As summer's floral gems
Bequeath us withered stems,
And autumn-shattered relics dry and umber ;
So do these lives of ours,
Like summer leaves and flowers,
Flourish apace, and in their ripeness slumber.

THE SERENADE.

Through waning light
The angel of the night,
With silver sickle, reaped the western stars ;
Across my sleep,
Dreamless as well as deep,
There came a ballad, whose remembered bars
Brought back to me a day
That long had passed away.

An old, old song,
Although forgotten long,
Brings childhood back as songs alone can bring.
We see bright eyes,
Behold unclouded skies,
And re-inhale the fragrance of life's spring ;
While, as of unseen bird,
Rustle of wing is heard.

Shall our last sleep
Eternal stillness keep?
Shall pulseless dust enclose a dreamless soul?

Or shall we hear
Those songs so old and dear,
As mid tempestuous melodies there roll
Upon our waking ears
The choruses of spheres ?

THE NOW.

The charm of a love is its telling, the telling that goes
with the giving ;

The charm of a deed is its doing ; the charm of a life
is its living ;

The soul of the thing is the thought ; the charm of the
act is the actor ;

The soul of the fact is its truth, and the NOW is its
principal factor.

The world loves the Now and the Nowist, and tests all
assumptions with rigor,

It looks not behind it to failing, but forward to ardor
and vigor ;

It cares not for heroes who faltered, for martyrs who
hushed and recanted,

For pictures that never were painted, for harvests
that never were planted.

The world does not care for a fragrance that never is
lost in perfuming,

The world does not care for the blossoms, that wither
away before blooming.

The world does not care for the chimes, remaining
unrung by the ringer,

The world does not care for the songs, unsung in
the soul of the singer.

What use to mankind is a purpose that never shone
forth in a doer?

What use has the world for a loving that never had
winner nor wooer?

The motives, the hopes, and the schemes that have
ended in idle conclusions

Are buried along with the failures that come in a life
of illusions.

Away with the flimsy idea that life with a past is
attended,

There's Now—only Now—and no Past—there's never
a past; it has ended.

Away with its obsolete story and all of its yesterday
sorrow;

There's only to-day, almost gone, and in front of
to-day stands to-morrow.

And hopes that are quenchless are brought us like
loans from a generous lender,

Enriching us all in our efforts, yet making no poorer
the sender ;

Lightening all of our labors, and thrilling us ever and
ever

With the ecstasy of success and the raptures of present
endeavor.

THE PRE-EMPTOR.

While turning furrows on a Kansas prairie
Cares half imaginary
Come trooping through my brain, then skip away
Like antelopes at play.
All day I watch the furrow slices slide
Along the mould-board steel ;
But when night comes I feel
Along my brain strange restful fancies glide.

Although my home may be a humble shanty,
With fittings rude and scanty,
Each night a kind magician comes to see,
And hand the world to me :—
I see a grand cathedral. On a hill
I note a Moorish tower
And orange trees in flower.
It is the graceful city of Seville.

The evening lights upon the ripples twinkle,
I hear the mule-bells tinkle,

And organs peal, and twittering mandolins,
As fragrant night begins.

I see Giralda, in dissolving views,
And purple shadows fade
In glorious brocade ;

I watch the twilight of the Andaluz.

I hand the world back to my necromancer
And make to him no answer.

Next day I hear the rattle just the same
Of clevis and of hame.

But when night comes, emerging from the dark
I see the sunrise steal
Across the Campanile,
And bronze the flying lion of St. Mark.

I gaze on ducal palaces adorning
The Grand Canal, at morning.

I view the ancient trophies that have come
Torn from Byzantium.

I see what colors Tintoretto's were.

Upon the mole I hear
The gaudy gondolier,—

Then—hand the world back to my sorcerer.

The griefs that flock like rabbits in a warren
To me are wholly foreign.

No help, no cheer, no sympathy I ask ;

I'm equal to my task.

Though small my holdings when the sun may shine,

When evening comes my cares

Steal from me unawares,

And then the earth I love so much is mine.

THE SUNSET MARMATON.

O Marmaton ! O Marmaton !
From out the rich autumnal west
There creeps a misty, pearly rest,
 As through an atmosphere of dreams.
Along thy course, O Marmaton,
 A rich September sunset streams.
Thy purple sheen,
Through prairies green,
From out the burning west is seen.
 I watch thy fine,
 Approaching line,
 That seems to flow like blood-red wine
 Fresh from the vintage of the sun.
The spokes of steel
And blue reveal
The outlines of a phantom wheel,
 While airy armies, one by one,
 March out on dress parade.
I see unrolled,
In blue and gold,
 The guidons where the line is made,
And, where the lazy zephyrs strolled

Along thy verdant esplanade,
I see the crested, neighing herd
Go plunging to the stream. . .
I hear the flying, shrieking scream
Of startled bird.
The Kansas day is done.

O Marmaton! O Marmaton!
Thou hast no story and no song;
Unto the vast
And empty past,
In which thy former life was cast,
Thou dost not yet belong.
No mountain cradle hast thou had;
Along thy line
No summits shine,
No cliffs, no gorges, stern and sad,
Stand in the waning twilight, clad
In melancholy pine.
Thou art the even-tempered child
Of prairies, on whose verdant wild
Eternities have smiled.

O Marmaton! O Marmaton!
Be patient, for thy day will come,
And bring the bugle and the drum.
Thy fame shall like thy ripples run;

Thou shalt be storied yet.
Within this great
And central State,
The destiny of some proud day
Upon thy banks is set.
Artillery will sweep away
The orchard and the prairie home,
And while the wheat stacks redly burn,
Armies of infantry will charge
The lines of works along thy marge,
While cavalry brigades will churn
Thy frightened waters into foam.
The spell of centuries will break,
And thou shalt suddenly awake,
And have a story that will make
A nation's pulses thrill.
And when again thy banks are still,
No new admirer of the time
Can say of thee in feeble rhyme :
"O Marmaton ! O Marmaton !
Thou hast no story and no song ;
Thou hast no history of wrong ;
Unto the vast
And empty past
In which thy former life was cast,
Thou dost not yet belong."

O Marmaton! O Marmaton!
The centuries will pass along,
And slowly, singly, one by one,
Repeat thy story and thy song.
Thy time abide,
O Marmaton ;
While side by side,
O Marmaton,
The shadows o'er thy prairies glide,
Thy prairies wide,
O Marmaton.
For nations come and nations go,
Whither and whence we do not know.
Great days in stormy years though hid,
Great years, dark centuries amid,
Will ever and anon emerge,
Like life-boats drifting through a surge
Where billows sweep and mad winds urge
Of future heed,
O Marmaton,
Thou hast no need,
O Marmaton.
With quiet force,
In quiet course,
Still murmur on, O Marmaton.

SUPERSTITION.

Amid the verdure, on the prairies wide,
There stretches o'er the undulating floor,
As on the edges of an ocean-shore,
From east to west, half buried, side by side,
A chain of boulders, that the icy tide
Of glacial epoch centuries before
From arctic hills superfluously bore,
And left in southern summers to abide.

So on the landscape of our times is seen
The rough debris of error's old moraines.
The superstitions of a thousand creeds,
Half buried, peer above the waving green ;
But kindly time will cover their remains
Beneath a sod of noble thoughts and deeds.

WHIST.

Hour after hour the cards were fairly shuffled
And fairly dealt, but still I got no hand.
The morning came ; and with a mind unruffled
I only said, " I do not understand."

Life is a game of whist. From unseen sources
The cards are shuffled, and the hands are dealt.
Blind are our efforts to control the forces
That, though unseen, are no less strongly felt.

I do not like the way the cards are shuffled ;
But still I like the game and want to play.
And through the long, long night will I, unruffled,
Play what I get until the break of day.

GRIZZLY-GRU.

O thoughts of the past and present,
O whither, and whence, and where,
Demanded my soul, as I scaled the height
Of the pine-clad peak in the somber night,
In the terebinthine air.

While pondering on the frailty
Of sadness and hope and mirth,
The ascending sun with derisive scoff
Hurled its golden lances and smote me off
From the bulge of the restless earth.

Through the yellowish dawn of velvet,
Where stars were so thickly strewn,
That quietly chuckled as I passed through,
I fell in the gardens of Grizzly-Gru,
On the mad, mysterious moon.

I fell on the turquoise ether,
Low down in the wondrous west,
And thence to the moon in whose yielding blue
Were hidden the gardens of Grizzly-Gru,
In the Monarchy of Unrest.

And there were the fairy gardens,
Where beautiful cherubs grew
In daintiest way and on separate stalks,
In the listed rows by the jasper walks,
Near the palace of Grizzly-Gru.

While strolling around the garden
I noticed the rows were full
Of every conceivable size and type,
Some that were buds, and some that were ripe,
And some that were ready to pull.

In gauzy and white corolla,
Was one that had eyes of blue,
A little excuse of a baby nose,
Little pink ears, and ten little toes,
And a mouth that kept saying ah-goo.

Ah-gooing as I came near her,
She raised up her arms in glee—
Her little fat arms—and she seemed to say,
“I’m ready to go with you right away ;
Don’t hunt any more, take me.”

I picked her off quick and kissed her,
And, hugging her to my breast,

I heard a loud yelling that pierced me through,
'Twas His Terrible Eminence, Grizzly-Gru,
Of the Monarchy of Unrest.

He had on a blood-red turban,
A picturesque lot of clothes,
With big moustaches both fierce and black,
And a ghastly saber to cut and hack,
And shoes that turned up at the toes.

Out of the gate of the garden
The cherub and I took flight,
And closely behind me the saber flew,
And back of the saber came Grizzly-Gru,
And he chased me all day till night.

I ran down the lunar crescent,
And out on the silver horn ;
I kissed the baby and held her tight,
And jumped down into the starry night,
And—I lit on the earth at morn.

He fitfully threw his saber,
It missed and went round the sun ;
He followed no further, he was not rash,
But the baby held on to my coarse moustache,
And fell and enjoyed the fun.

In saving that blue-eyed baby
From the gardens of Grizzly-Gru,
I suffered a terrible shock and fright ;
But the doctor believes it will be all right,
And he thinks he can pull me through.

TARPEIA.

Upon the massive walls
The cloudless moonlight falls ;
It silver-plates the portico and fane ;
The tawny Tiber drifts
By castellated cliffs,
And bears its sluggish wavelets to the main.

Anon the silver fades
From walls and colonades ;
Clouds scarred with fire hurl down the vengeful rain ;
Impelled by gusty waifs,
The tawny Tiber chafes,
And hurls its turbid billows to the main.

The Niobe of Night
Has left her azure height ;
No more she stares disconsolately down ;
No more the angles sharp
Of pinnacle and scarp,
From filmy skies imperiously frown.

Amid the black and damp,
The Sabines leave their camp,
Before the gate their solid columns go ;
And there Tarpeia stands,
With her unaided hands
To open wide the portals to the foe.

Then spake the king to her :
“What gift shall I confer,
O maid of Rome, so daring and so fair ? ”
The Roman maiden spake :
“Those jewels I will take,
That on their arms your Sabine soldiers wear.”

The eager columns march
Beneath the rugged arch ;
They crush the maid with bracelets and with shields.
A pledge is kept, and broke ;
And in the din and smoke,
The lurid fire the doom of war reveals.

Then comes the gloomy gray,
The harbinger of day—
Hurled from the rock Tarpeia finds a grave ;
And flaring like a flume,
The Tiber through the gloom
Transfers the tomb out to the cryptic wave.

* * * * *

Hope's signal torches shine
Upon life's Esqualine,
Its Quirinal, its rocky Palatine ;
From battlemented walls,
Life's merry warder calls
The hourly watches of the night's decline.

O Fate, behind a mask
You promise all we ask—
You promise wealth and happiness and fame ;
And then you keep, yet break,
The promises you make—
You take the substance and you leave the name.

Some ask of you a crown,
A scepter, or renown ;
Some claim the jewels that your bright arm bears ;
But when you give, you fling,
With every given thing,
The weight of troubles and the crush of cares.

Perhaps 'twere best to wait
Behind the rugged gate,
To ask no favor from your ready hand ;
To fight, and ask no charm
From your bejeweled arm,
And not be crushed with favors we demand.

KARMYL.

On the eastern shore of Kansas,
Half a million years or so
Back among the jeweled eons,
Did I love the Princess Karmyl,
Long ago.

Bluer were her eyes than autumn
Mists of morning, and her hair
Was as wavy and as yellow
As the sunbeams of the languid
August air.

'Mid the parks around the palace,
And the tree-ferns did we stray.
Laughing at the tame dinornis
And the petted pterodactyls'
Awkward play.

'Neath the palm trees by the ocean
Did we watch the summer gales,

Watch the ships from far Atlantis,
And the Uxmal galleys with their
Linen sails.

By the inland Kansas ocean,
Half a million years or so
Back among the silver cycles,
Did I love the Princess Karmyl
Long ago.

But the blue-eyed Princess Karmyl
Grieved her saddened soul away
When I lost my life in battle,
Fighting for her father's kingdom,
With Cathay.

Years have fled—the sea grew shallow
When the Great Atlantis sank ;
Then a change of the equator
Made the power of warlike Uxmal
Lose its rank.

Now the undulating prairie,
With a wealth of verdant loam,
Shows a sea of billows greener
Than when galleys from Atlantis
Plowed the foam.

But the blue-eyed little Karmyl
With her sunshine is not there ;
And I fear she never will be, .
For they tell me she is living
In Altair.

THE AZTEC CITY.

There is a clouded city, that doth rest
Beyond the crest
Where Cordilleras mar the mystic west.

There suns unheeded rise and re-arise ;
And in the skies
The harvest moon unnoticed lives and dies.

And yet this clouded city hath no night—
Volcanic light
Doth give eternal noon-tide, redly bright.

A thousand wells, whence cooling waters came,
No more the same,
Now send aloft a thousand jets of flame.

This clouded city is enchanting fair,
For rich and rare
From sculptured frieze the gilded griffins stare.

With level look—with loving, hopeful face,
 Fixed upon space,
 Stand caryatides of unknown race,

And colonades of dark green serpentine,
 Of strange design,
 Carved on whose shafts queer alphabets combine.

And there are lofty temples, rich and great,
 And at the gate,
 Carved in obsidian, the lions wait.

And from triumphant arches, looking down
 Upon the town,
 In porphyry, sad, unknown statesmen frown.

And there are palace homes, and stately walls,
 And open halls
 Where fountains are, with voiceless waterfalls.

The ruddy fire incessantly illumines
 Temples and tombs,
 And in its blaze the stone-wrought cactus blooms.

From clouds congealed the mercury distills,
 And forming rills,
 Adown the streets in double streamlet trills.

As rains from clouds, that summer skies eclipse,
From turret tips
And spire and porch the mobile metal drips.

No one that visited this fiery hive
Ever alive
Came out but me—I, I alone, survive.

THE GEESE AND THE CRANES.

It is sunrise. In the morn
Stands a field of ripened corn ;
 And the rich autumnal rays
 Of those sunny Kansas days
Fill that field of ripened corn
 With an opalescent haze ;
And the flocks of geese and cranes
Pick the fallen, golden grains.

It is noon-time ; and the rays
Of the Indian summer blaze ;
 And the field of ripened corn,
 Much more shattered than at morn,
Seems emerging from the haze.
 Fewer geese, but far more cranes,
 Pick the fallen, golden grains.

It is evening ; and the haze
Of the short autumnal days,
 Like a mantle, seems to rest
 On the dark and leaden west.

Shattered is the field of maize.

Homeward fly the geese ; the cranes

Linger, picking golden grains.

It is midnight. Rains and sleet

On the blackened landscape beat ;

And there nothing now remains

Of that field of standing corn.

But through darkness, sleet, and rains

Comes the crying of the cranes,

As they search through fields forlorn.

Fighting for the final grains.

Hours the grains, and life the field

Which its ripened crops doth yield ;

And our habits, good and bad,

Represent the geese and cranes

Eating up the golden grains.

Few the habits that are best,

And they early go to rest ;

But through sleet and midnight rains

Still are heard the cries of cranes

Fighting for the final grains.

AN ITALIAN SONNET.

A politician was Terhune McCarty.

He found that votes were captured with molasses.

He frequented saloons ; he jingled glasses ;

He talked about " our great and glorious party."

In language insincere, and yet most hearty,

He always eulogized the toiling masses ;

Deplored the brutal wealth of upper classes.

At last, a councilman became McCarty.

He then sang " Hail Columbia," " Yankee Doodle ;"

And wore a watch chain bulky as a cable ;

But all at once he dropped his watermelon.

They caught him lugging off a bag of boodle.

They stripped him quickly of his party label,

And jailed him as a self-convicted felon.

FAILURE.

An old man sat upon the porch at evening ;
Down in the west the clouds were banked and sullen.
No one was near him, and in withered tone
The old man spoke unto himself alone :

“ My life has been a vanity and failure ;
My wife, my health, my fortune taken from me ;
While strange disaster, striking far and wide,
Has scattered all my children from my side.

“ And here I am alone, without a dollar,
The hopes of youth all shattered and abandoned ;
My life a failure—failure from the first,
A vanity, a failure, of the worst.”

Adown the west he looked with gloomy sorrow ;
And as he spoke the sky grew more tenebral.
From time to time the cloud banks lit with flame,
And fitful zephyrs came, and died, and came.

Upon his staff his hands were clasped and trembling,
Upon his hands his brow in sorrow rested ;

And the sad west seemed constantly to take
A tinge more dark and dismally opaque.

Then all at once there seemed to stand beside him
A being draped as if with phosphorescence—
A form of beauty, that might aptly seem
To be the emanation of a dream.

So beautiful and good she seemed, a mortal
Need but behold her once to idolize her ;
While character and sympathy and grace
Shone like an inspiration in her face.

She placed her hand upon the old man's shoulder,
And spoke in words of magic tone and feeling :
“ Why thus, my father, do you sadly brood
O'er withered hopes with which all life is strewed ?

“ Your life, though toilsome, has not been a failure.
Old age may find you left without a dollar ;
But earth has blossomed where your hands have
wrought,
The world grown wiser where your lips have taught.

“ Those coming first build up for those who follow,
Shaping the future though they know not of it ;
As on the slow-wrought ledges coralline
The continents of future times begin.

“Though in old age without a friend or dollar,
He who has spent his days in honest labor
Can say with certainty, when they are done,
His life has been a most successful one.

“There is no place, except on earth, for dollars—
Your scattered children will be reunited.”
And then she stooped and kissed the old man’s cheek,
And said, “My father;” but he did not speak.

The vision vanished, but the old man moved not,
The grief was over, and the failure ended ;
While on the lifeless face, serene and fixed,
There seemed a smile as if of peace unmixed.

Down in the west the banks of cloud tenebral
Lifted and scattered in the viewless ether ;
And in their stead, with mild and gentle light,
Shone forth again the jewels of the night.

QUESTION.

To his courtier spake the Czar,
Looking o'er the fields afar :
"Count the plowmen that you see,
And their number tell to me."

From the palace porch afar
Looked and answered he the Czar :
"In the distance there are two—
Two are all there are in view."

"Rightly spoken," said the Czar,
"Two the men that plowing are ;
Tell their number, if you can,
If we call that plow a man."

Quickly answered he the Czar :
"Two the men now plowing are ;
Call that plow a man, and then
Three the number of the men."

Flashed with anger then the Czar,
And his eye gleamed like a star,

As he looked the courtier through :
“ Wrong, sir, wrong ! still, only two.”

“ Who shall stand beside a Czar,
With an empire spreading far ?
Who shall give advice to kings,
Knowing not that things are things ?

“ By the edict of the Czar,
To the Caucasus afar,
Go ! until thou knowest when
Things are things, and men are men.”

THE SIEGE OF DJKLXPRWBZ.

Before a Turkish town
The Russians came,
And with huge cannon
Did bombard the same.

They got up close
And rained fat bombshells down,
And blew out every
Vowel in the town.

And then the Turks,
Becoming somewhat sad,
Surrendered every
Consonant they had.

GLORY.

A rocket scaled the terraces of night,
And yet
Reached not the parapet.

I told a noble-hearted friend of mine
That he,
Though great, far greater yet would be.

He rose as did Acestes' arrow rise,
He burned,
And burning, into ashes turned.

He rose, and rising blazed, and burned away,
And yet
He failed to reach the parapet.

FRAUDS.

Ambitious, shrewd,
Unprincipled, and ever fond of show,
Hanno of Carthage, centuries ago,
Determined to be great; he bought a brood
Of fledgling parrots, taught them at his nod
To scream in chorus: "Hanno is a god!"

When they were taught,
He had a hireling place them on the street,
As if for sale to those he chanced to meet;
But still by no one could the birds be bought.
Then Hanno passed in pomp, and gave a nod,
Out shrieked the parrots: "Hanno is a god!"

Cunningly done.
That night said Hanno, as he doffed his clothes
Of silk embroidery, to seek repose:
"Distinguished immortality is won;
For heardst thou not that superstitious squad
Catch up the sentence, 'Hanno is a god'?"

A galley slave,
Condemned, went Hanno o'er the cloudy seas
That hid the fabled Cassiterides ;

Wealthy in grief, no home except the wave,
Lashed to the oar, betimes urged by the rod,
Not very much a man, much less a god.

It could not win.
It never did. Although the world applauds,
It turns at last and punishes its frauds.

Although it may not hasten to begin ;
True to itself, when once it has begun,
It drives them to the galleys one by one.

THE PROTEST.

*[Written while the Government was removing
buried soldiers from the battle-fields of secession and
organizing national cemeteries.]*

Let them rest, let them rest where they fell.
Every battle-field is sacred;
If you let them stay to guard it,
They will shroud those spots with valor
Like a spell.
All the soil will seem implanted
With the germ of vital freedom.
Where they spent their lives so grandly
Let them dwell.
Do not rank them up in fields,
Under pallid marble shields;
Let them rest and be cherished
Where they fell.

Let them rest, let them rest where they fell:
On the prairie, in the forest,
'Neath the cypress or the laurel,
On the mountain, by the bayou,
In the dell.

Let the glories of the battle
Shroud the heroes who are buried ;
Resting where they fought so bravely,
 Long, and well.
Do not rank them up in fields,
Under pallid marble shields ;
Let them rest, let them rest
 Where they fell.

SHADOW.

The day has been vague, and the sky has been bleak,
Affairs have gone backward the whole day long ;
My friends as I meet them will scarcely speak,
And vainly the things I have lost I seek.
I am weary and sad—and the world is wrong.

The morrow has come, and the sky has grown clear,
The world appears righted, and rings with song ;
My friends as I meet them have words of cheer,
The things that I thought I had lost reappear,
And the work pushes forward the whole day long.

As the strings of a harp, standing side by side,
Are the days of sadness and days of song ;
The sunshine and shadow are ever allied,
But the shadows will fade, and the sunshine bide,
Though to-day may be dim, and the world go wrong.

TYPE.

All night the sky was draped in darkness thick ;
Out from the clouds imprisoned lightnings swept ;
 Into the printer's stick,
 With energetic click,
The ranks of type into battalions crept,
Which formed brigades while dreaming labor slept ;
And ere dawn's crimson pennons were unfurled,
The night-formed columns charged the waking world.

THE TOBACCO STEMMERS.

Stemming tobacco in a reeking basement,
At work, with little left of hopes or joys,
Were silent groups of many shaded faces,
Their blood the sewage of barbaric races,
Women and girls, old men and sober boys.

In the vast basement the reluctant ceilings
Were propped with pillars weary with delay ;
The mid-day light shrank from the poisoned vapors,
While feeble jets lit, as with ghostly tapers,
The woeful scenes where life was worked away.

Looking around, my angry heart protested.
“ How,” I inquired, “ are such conditions made ?
What human laws betray such soulless phases ?
Are these the victims of crime’s stern ukases ? ”
The foreman said : “ No ; of the laws of trade.”

Then of myself my soul did ask the question:
Would I work here and earn my daily bread ?
Would I toil here to make an “ honest living ” ;
And, at the end of lock-stepped hours, forgiving,
Go sleepfully and dreamlessly to bed ?

I'm too discordant. I would hurl this handful
Of clay I've borrowed at the Great White Throne.
Shrieking at fate I'd die, like Cæsar, standing,
With torch and steel I'd take my chances, landing,
Within the vortex of the great unknown.

Noting my thoughts, the foreman gave a signal ;
A hum—and then a hush on every tongue !
But suddenly a low and rhythmic murmur
Broke forth into a cadence strong and firmer,
And in it joined the aged and the young.

The rats peered from their holes. The oaken pillars,
Smoky and stained, began to vibrate white ;
And still the song rose up in wild derision
Of present things, and claimed with strange decision,
There is a land of restful peace and right.

The song transformed the walls to pallid onyx,
The rafters changed to maze of antique oak,
The sodden floor grew firm and tessellated,
And in the stead of vapor, poison-freighted,
An incense rose with faint and filmy smoke.

My soul retains that song's redundant sorrow ;
There may be justice somewhere, who can tell ?

Perhaps the captor he, who wears the fetter,
Perhaps the torch and steel were not the better,
To be the wronged, perhaps, were just as well.

Perhaps these lives of ours, when sere and withered,
May be picked over in some juster land,
Torn from the earthly stem and there inspected,—
By the aroma of good deeds selected,—
Perhaps it's so. We do not understand.

Work on, sing on, O toilers. May the future
Restore the world to him who works and sings.
May justice come inflexibly decreeing
The ample right of every human being
To happiness and hope in present things.

CHAOS.

I've seen an ice-clad river leave its banks,
And tear through hills of time-enduring rock ;
Squadrons I've seen, that charging ranks on ranks,
Made the firm planet tremble with their shock.

I've seen red navies with their ribs of oak
Lashed into splinters by the frantic main ;
I've seen proud cities wander off in smoke ;
I've seen autumnal ruin sweep the plain.

I've stood at midnight on the rocky height
That bars the purple meadows of the west ;
I've seen the silent empress of the night
Sail slowly onward splendoring crest on crest.

But never have I seen, in earth or air,
A method or a principle. I scan
An unplanned chaos, shaping here and there
The greatness and the littleness of man.

A KANSAS IDYL.

[*A true incident.*]

Into a frontier town of Kansas came
An aborigine, with moccasins and war paint ;
And he bore the look—wan look—of the
Untutored savage. And there also came
A proud Caucasian, in boots and spurs and pistols
Clad—a rover, full of strange oaths, and
Bearded like his pard. He had a classic
Brow. In youth, at Yale, a stroke-oar he
Had been, and deemed a youth of power and culture
Rare. They, each to each a stranger,
Sought this Kansas village in pursuit
Of ardent spirits. Prohibition held full sway,
And the unrelenting man of drugs and
Merchandise refused to sell the article
Demanded. Away in anger and disgust
The proud Caucasian strode, and as
His fervid language percolated through
The filmy ether, spectators at a distance
Thought that an aurora borealis was
On exhibition. Back to his ranch returning,

He to bed went sober. But the aborigine
With more stoicism met refusal from
The man of drugs, and purchasing of hair oil
A quart bottle, to his wigwam went.
Into that oil that aborigine some water poured,
And by a process of disintegration the
Alcohol, with which the oil was cut,
United with the water, and the oil,
Floating above, was gently skimmed away.
And then the noble aborigine proceeded
To become inebriated, and well did he
Succeed, and went to bed in a condition
That the rover would have envied.
'Tis ever thus with the untutored savage,
Who yearning after nature's means and measures,
With pure and child-like instinct seeks to ravage
The dim arcana of its mystic pleasures,
And wrest from nature's vault its cryptic treasures.
While by his side, clogged with redundant learning,
The proud Caucasian swears, and gets left, yearning.

O'er sunny Kansas
Some commercial Cadmus,
 In days unknown,
 The teeth of golden dragons must
 have sown ;
For when the prairies
Feel the breath of summer,
 The trowels ring,
 And from the soil the burnished
 cities spring.

THE BIRD SONG.

In the night air I heard the woodland ringing,
I heard it ring with wild and thrilling song ;
Hidden the bird whose strange inspiring singing
Seems yet to float in liquid waves along,—

Seems yet to float with many a quirk and quaver,
With quirks and quavers and exultant notes,
As through the air, with sympathetic waver,
Down through the songs the falling starlight floats.

Speaking, I said : “ O bird with songs sonorous,
O bird with songs of such sonorous glee,
Sing me a song of joy, and in the chorus,
In the same chorus I will join with thee.

The songs that others sing seem but to sadden,
They seem to sadden, those that I have heard ;
Sing me a song whose gleesome notes will gladden—
Sing me a song of joy.” Then sang the bird :

■

" There is a land where blossoming exotic,
The amaranths with fadeless colors glow ;
Where notes of birds with melodies chaotic
In tangled songs forever come and go.

There skies serene and bland will bend above us,
And from them blessings like the rain will fall ;
There those fond friends that we have loved shall love
us,
In that bright land those friends shall love us all."

The singer ceased, the rhapsody sonorous
No more through starlit woodland floats along ;
And as it ceased, my heart refused the chorus,
Refused to join the chorus of the song.

" Silence," I said, " thou bird in branches hidden,
Hope's garlands bright grief's fingers slowly weave ;
Grief slowly weaves from blooms that spring unbid-
den—
That spring perennial when the heart doth grieve.

Grief present now proves naught of the eternal ;
Grief proves no future with good blessings rife—
With blessings rife and futures blandly vernal ;
Facts show no logic in a future life."

And then I said : " False is thy song sonorous—
Thy song that floats from starlit woodland dim ;
When we are gone and flowers are blooming o'er us—
When man hath gone, there endeth all with him."

Still sang the bird : " There skies shall bend above us,
And sprinkle blessings like the rains that fall ;
And those we loved—who loved us not—shall love us,
In that bright land shall love us best of all."

Then came a song-burst of bewildering splendor,
That rolled in waves through forest corridors ;
Up soared the bird, fain did my hopes attend her,
And hopes and songs were lost amid the stars.

Now all day long, upon my mind intruding,
There comes the echo of that last night's song ;
Grief claims the wreck on which my mind is brooding,
Hope claims the facts which logic claimed so long.

Who cares, O bird, for skies that bend above us?
Who cares if blessings like the rain shall fall ?
If only those who loved us not shall love us—
In that bright future love us best of all.

Let logic marshal ranks of facts well stated,
They only fall and perish in their tracks ;
While, looking down from bastions crenelated,
Hope smiles derision at their vain attacks.

QUIVERA—KANSAS.

1542-1892.

In that half-forgotten era,
With the avarice of old,
Seeking cities that 'twas told
Were all paved with solid gold,
In the kingdom of Quivera—

Came the restless Coronado
To the open Kansas plain,
With his knights from sunny Spain ;
In an effort that, though vain,
Thrilled with boldness and bravado.

League by league, in aimless marching,
Knowing scarcely where or why,
Crossed they uplands drear and dry,
That an unprotected sky
Had for centuries been parching.

But their expectations, eager,
Found, instead of fruitful lands,

Shallow streams and shifting sands,
Where the buffalo in bands
Roamed o'er deserts dry and meager.

Back to scenes more trite, yet tragic,
Marched the knights with armor'd steeds;
Not for them the quiet deeds;
Not for them to sow the seeds
From which empires grow like magic.

Never land so hunger stricken
Could a Latin race re-mold;
They could conquer heat or cold—
Die for glory or for gold—
But not make a desert quicken.

Thus Quivera was forsaken;
And the world forgot the place
Through the lapse of time and space.
Then the blue-eyed Saxon race
Came and bade the desert waken.

And it bade the climate vary;
And awaiting no reply
From the elements on high,
It with plows besieged the sky—
Vexed the heavens with the prairie.

Then the vitreous sky relented,
And the unacquainted rain
Fell upon the thirsty plain,
Whence had gone the knights of Spain,
Disappointed, discontented.

Sturdy are the Saxon faces,
As they move along in line ;
Bright the rolling-cutters shine,
Charging up the State's incline,
As an army storms a glacis.

Into loam the sand is melted,
And the blue-grass takes the loam,
Round about the prairie home ;
And the locomotives roam
Over landscapes iron-belted.

Cities grow where stunted birches
Hugged the shallow water line ;
And the deepening rivers twine
Past the factory and mine,
Orchard slopes and schools and churches.

Deeper grows the soil and truer,
More and more the prairie teems

With a fruitage as of dreams ;
Clearer, deeper, flow the streams,
Blander grows the sky, and bluer.

We have made the State of Kansas,
And to-day she stands complete—
First in freedom, first in wheat ;
And her future years will meet
Ripened hopes and richer stanzas.

THREE STATES.

Of all the States but three will live in story :
Old Massachusetts with her Plymouth Rock,
And old Virginia with her noble stock,
And Sunny Kansas with her woes and glory ;
These three will live in song and oratory,
While all the others, with their idle claims,
Will only be remembered as mere names.

PRINTER'S INK.

Once spoke a teacher to his pupils, "Name
The metal that most honors men with fame."

Then shout the pupils in a chorus, "Steel ;
Before the saber must the scepter reel."

"Wrong," spoke the teacher ; "try again and name
The metal that most honors men with fame."

Then shout the pupils, in a chorus, "Gold ;
For it can buy, and honors all are sold."

"Wrong," spoke the teacher ; "try once more to name
The metal that most honors men with fame."

They all were silent ; then spoke one, "I think
That mighty metal must be printer' zinc."

"Right," spoke the teacher ; "for it doth not fail
To make the nations tremble and turn pale."

Then shout the students, in a chorus, "Right—
The world most honors that which hath most might."

A HOLY WAR.

[*The Russo-Turkish campaign.*]

On the south is seen an empire—
Mosque and minaret, in frenzy,
To the ruler of the “faithful”
 Send their influence and riches;
And the holy shrine of Mecca
Pours out gold and absolution,
While it speeds the Prophet’s children
 To the hospitals and ditches.

On the north a Christian empire
In the name of Christ is acting.
Mobs, to gain a benediction,
 Rally round a bishop’s miter;
And they use the church’s treasure,
In the holy name of Jesus,
While they march away His children
 To the vulture and the niter.

We may hope to see an era
That has fewer orphan children—
That objects to shrieking bugle

And the sight of blazing village ;
When religion, in the future,
Shall refuse to be the agent
By which merciless ambition
Further schemes of public pillage.

THE CRUSADES.

The one I love so much sits by my side—
Sits by my side and listens as I read ;
Little care we how o'er the prairies wide
The wintry, zero-loving tempests glide,
As one by one the fire-lit hours recede.
In one of mine I hold her little hands
And read to her of wars in distant lands.

I read to her of times long passed away,
That shine like jewels in the wild Crusades ;
That light up cities crumbling in decay ;
That out of darkness bring the glare of day—
A glare that soon to greater darkness fades.
I read to her of princes and of seers,
Of cruelties, of sufferings, of tears.

I read to her of hermits and of kings,
Of Conrad, Tancred, Baldwin and Behmond ;
I read to her of bravery that springs
From wild fanaticism, whose strong wings
Take, in their sweep, this world and the beyond.
And, as I read, the gusty tempests rage,
As if in sympathy with every page.

NETSIE.

Happiness or heartache?

Either it may be,
Blue-eyed little daughter
Sitting on my knee.
Happiness or heartache,
Either it may be.

Heartache or heartbreak

If it sadly be,
Blue-eyed little daughter
Sitting on my knee,
Though I may be buried
I will grieve with thee.

When the ache is ended

We can go and see
Our old home in Lyra,
Where the rainbows be,
We can have a world of fun
If you go with me.

THE COWCATCHER.

[*Fable No. 1.*]

Cast your eagle eye on me—
Leaders there must always be.
 I have such a massive brain
 I can stand the tug and strain.
 See the engine and the train
As they meekly follow me.
Leaders there must always be.

It's a part of nature's plan
That I occupy the van,
 Born to rule, and born to lead,
 Born to flourish and precede.
 The momentum and the speed
Of the engine and the train
Are the products of my brain.

MORAL.

Those the world have pushed ahead
Thought they pulled the world they led.

They were either fast or slow
As the world would have them go ;
But they never seemed to know
That behind them came the force
That controlled their speed and course.

THE UNSOCIABLE MILESTONES.

[*Fable No. 2.*]

Strung along a highway stood
Twenty milestones, made of wood,
Undisturbed by storm or weather ;
And the jokers said their say,
As they passed along the way :
“ How unsociable are they—
Milestones never get together.”

But the milestones cared not whether
It were worst or it were best—
Undisturbed by jeer or jest,
Two were never seen together.
Duty made them what they were,
And they did not care to stir.

MORAL.

Men there are whose work, whose place
Is, like milestones, to mark out
Both the distance and the route ;

Both the destiny and way,
In the progress of the race.
 If they mingle with the throng
 That moves thoughtlessly along,
Then their duty they betray. “
Lonesome, very lonesome, they ;
 But, unmoved by hope or fear,
 Undisturbed by jest or jeer,
There their duty—and they stay.

ZEPHYR.

[*Fable No. 3.*]

Once a Kansas zephyr strayed
Where a brass-eyed bird pup played ;
And that foolish canine bayed
 At that zephyr, in a gay,
 Semi-idiotic way.

Then that zephyr, in about
Half a jiffy, took that pup,
Tipped him over, wrong side up ;
Then it turned him wrong side out.

And it calmly journeyed thence,
With a barn and string of fence.

MORAL.

When communities turn loose
Social forces that produce
 The disorders of a gale,
Act upon the well-known law :

Face the breeze, but close your jaw.

It's a rule that will not fail:

If you bay it, in a gay,

Self-sufficient sort of way,

It will land you, without doubt,

Upside down and wrong side out.

PAVO.

[Fable No. 4.]

Said a peacock unto Juno,
 “ What’s the reason I can’t sing?
 See! a tail I can unfold
 That is gorgeous to behold.
Tell me, tell me, if you do know,
 What’s the reason I can’t sing,
 When I’m such a gorgeous thing?”

Juno, answering the bird,
 Half in earnest, half in fun,
 Said injustice would be done
If all favors were conferred,
 Of the many, upon one.

MORAL.

Notwithstanding what we wish,
 In this world of fact and fate,
 Some must fish and some cut bait—
Just a few of us can fish.

See that orphan boy at work,
Working early, working late?
He is learning how to wait ;
He is learning not to shirk.

Then observe the rich man's son,
Aping style and making bets—
Smoking idle cigarettes,
Talking chaff and having fun.

Thirteen years is not too late
For that orphan boy to wait ;
Then he'll take that rich man's son,
And he'll terminate that fun,
And he'll set him cutting bait.

Then the rich man's son will wish,
As the iron years go by,
And the tears come in his eye,
That he had a chance to fish.

But his wish will come too late ;
For the orphan, who meanwhile
Does the fishing, smiles a smile,
And compels him to cut bait.

THE LIFE INSURANCE AGENT AND
THE POST AUGER.

[*Fable No. 5.*]

Very skillfully and fast,
 Boring post-holes in the soil,
 Worked an honest son of toil ;
An insurance agent passed,
 Saying, " Such a ' perfect bore '"
 I have never seen before."
Then he sort of caught his breath,
And he talked that man to death.

MORAL.

Strange it is, somehow or other
 We are bound to make a fuss,
When we notice in another
 Vices that belong to us.

THE VIOLET STAR.

"I have always lived, and I always must,"
The sergeant said when the fever came ;
From his burning brow we washed the dust,
And we held his hand, and we spoke his name.

"Millions of ages have come and gone,"
The sergeant said as we held his hand ;—
"They have passed like the mist of the early dawn
Since I left my home in that far off land."

We bade him hush, but he gave no heed—
"Millions of orbits I crossed from far,
Drifted as drifts the cottonwood seed ;
I came," said he, "from the Violet Star.

"Drifting in cycles from place to place—
I'm tired," said he, "and I'm going home
To the Violet Star, in the realms of space
Where I loved to live, and I will not roam.

For I've always lived, and I always must,
And the soul in roaming may roam too far ;

I have reached the verge that I dare not trust,
And I'm going back to the Violet Star."

The sergeant was still, and we fanned his cheek ;
There came no word from that soul so tired ;
And the bugle rang from the distant peak,
As the morning dawned and the pickets fired.

The sergeant was buried as soldiers are ;
And we thought all day, as we marched through
the dust :

"His spirit has gone to the Violet Star—
He always has lived, and he always must."

The anchors are strong that hold the ships ;
The wire is strong that bridges the fall ;
But all of their strength must suffer eclipse
Compared with the words of a woman's lips,
For she binds the man that has made them all.

CHILDHOOD. “

It passed in beauty,
Like the waves that reach
Their jeweled fingers
Up the sanded beach.

It passed in beauty,
Like the flowers that spring
Behind the footsteps
Of the winter king.

It passed in beauty,
Like the clouds on high,
That drape the ceilings
Of the summer sky.

EL MORAN.

I crossed the orbit of Aldebaran,
Thence sixteen orbits to Taurus Rho,
As goes a boat through a chain of whirlpools
Into the slumbrous lake below.

I passed through a hundred constellations;
At last I came to an open place,
And saw in the distance the waves of ether
Breaking in foam on the cliffs of space.

While gazing alone, I felt a question,
But nothing either saw I or heard.
A soul was beside me; I felt a presence,
Seeing no form, nor hearing a word.

“Where are you from, and where are you going?”
I thought as quickly; “who can you be?”
Then came a suspense, as of hesitation—
This was the answer it thought at me:

“I lost my life in a mine explosion
A week ago in the planet Mars;

I thought I would look up a new location.
Are you acquainted among the stars?"

I answered: "No; I was killed by lightning
Yesterday morning in Hindostan;
I visit the old ancestral homestead
Back in the nebula El Moran."

We both recounted the past and present;
We watched the asteroids weaving lace,
And the berylline waves of viewless ether
Pounding the shoreless cliffs of space.

THE OLD PIONEER.

Where are they gone? Where are they—

The faces of my childhood?

I've sought them by the mountains,

By the rivers, by the canyons;

I have called upon the prairie,

I have called upon the wildwood:

"Oh, give me back! Oh, give me back

The faces of my childhood—

The boys and girls,

My playmates, my companions!"

The days of early childhood

Have a strange, attractive glimmer,

A lustrous, misty fadelessness,

Half seen and yet half hidden,

As of isles in distant oceans,

Where the shattered moonbeams shimmer,

Concealing half, disclosing half,

With rapturing, fracturing glimmer,

The realms to which

Our visits are forbidden.

'Tis vainly that I call upon
The mountains or the canyons;
And vainly from the forest,
From the river or the wildwood,
Do I ask the restoration
Of my playmates, my companions.
No voice returns from mountain side,
From forest or from canyons;
They've gone from me forever,
The faces of my childhood.

JOHN BROWN.

States are not great
Except as men may make them ;
Men are not great except they do and dare.
But States, like men,
Have destinies that take them—
That bear them on, not knowing why or where.

The WHY repels
The philosophic searcher—
The WHY and WHERE all questionings defy,
Until we find,
Far back in youthful nurture,
Prophetic facts that constitute the WHY.

All merit comes
From braving the unequal ;
All glory comes from daring to begin.
Fame loves the State
That, reckless of the sequel,
Fights long and well, whether it lose or win.

Than in our State
No illustration apter
Is seen or found of faith and hope and will.
Take up her story :
Every leaf and chapter
Contains a record that conveys a thrill.

And there is one
Whose faith, whose fight, whose failing,
Fame shall placard upon the walls of time.
He dared begin—
Despite the unavailing,
He dared begin, when failure was a crime.

When over Africa
Some future cycle
Shall sweep the lake-gemmed uplands with its surge ;
When, as with trumpet
Of Archangel Michael,
Culture shall bid a colored race emerge ;

When busy cities
There, in constellations,
Shall gleam with spires and palaces and domes,
With marts wherein
Are heard the noise of nations ;
With summer groves surrounding stately homes—

There, future orators
To cultured freemen
Shall tell of valor, and recount with praise
Stories of Kansas,
And of Lacedæmon—
Cradles of freedom, then of ancient days.

From boulevards
O'erlooking both Nyanzas,
The statured bronze shall glitter in the sun,
With rugged lettering :

“JOHN BROWN OF KANSAS:
HE DARED BEGIN ;
HE LOST,
BUT, LOSING, WON.”

LIFE'S MOONRISE.

No sunrise,—no noon,—no sunset ;
On the prairie, like a pall,
All day hangs the storm, and from it
Unhappiness seems to fall.

At evening the sky grows cloudless,
And the moon shines round and clear ;
While pure as the smiles of angels
The glittering stars appear.

The red deer and the primrose
And the prairie-larks are gay,
Till night, with its moonlit beauty,
Is merged in the broad, bright day.

* * * * *

Some lives have a cloudy sunrise,
With a noon-tide clear and bright ;
And some have a day of sunshine,
With rainy and cheerless night.

My life had been sad and rainy
Through its long and somber day;
At last came the placid moonrise
And scattered the clouds away.

I'm now in life's moonrise living ;
And although the sun has set,
There come to me no suggestions
Of sorrow or vain regret.

I'm seeing new worlds and planets
In the open evening sky;
My soul feels a wild, new daring
As whisper the night winds by.

I'm heeding no more the future,
Nor the past that flew away ;
But hoping the moonlit present
May merge in the broad, bright day.

THE PYTHIAN.

I am the sibyl of the right divine,
Who spoke the sayings of the Delphic shrine;
In after years this saying you'll recall :
“ Marry the man who loves thee most of all ;”
And who he is thou needest not to guess,
Who chatters more is he who loves thee less.

VICTOR.

He was a hero, fighting all alone,
A lonesome warrior—never one more brave—
Discreet, considerate, and grave.
He fought some noble battles ; but he gave
No voice to fame, and passed away unknown.

So grandly to occasions did he rise,
So splendid were the victories he planned,
That all the world had asked him to command
Could it his native valor understand :—
He fought himself, and, winning, gained the prize.

"FEAR YE HIM."

I fear Him not, nor yet do I defy.
Much could He harm me, cared He but to try.

Much could He frighten me, much do me ill,
Much terrify me, but—He never will.

The soul of justice must itself be just ;
Who trembles most betrays the most distrust.

So, plunging in life's current deep and broad,
I take my chances, *ignorant*—unawed.

TO-DAY.

Work on, work on,
 Work wears the world away;
Hope when to-morrow comes,
 But work to-day.

Work on, work on,
 Work brings its own relief;
He who most idle is
 Has most of grief.

DECORATION DAY.

[*Recited at Arlington.*]

It is needless I should tell you
Of the history of Sumter,
How the chorus of the cannon shook its walls ;
How the scattered navies gathered,
How the iron-ranked battalions
Rose responsive to the country's urgent calls.

It is needless that I tell you,
For the time is still too recent,
How was heard the first vindictive cannon's peal ;
How two brothers stopped debating
On a sad, unsettled question,
And referred it to the arbitrating steel.

It is needless that I tell you
Of the somber days that followed—
Stormy days that in such slow succession ran ;
Of Antietam, Chickamauga,
Gettysburg, and Murfreesboro',
Or the rocky, cannon-shaken Rapidan.

It was not a war of conquest,
It was fought to save the Union,
It was waged for an idea of the right;
And the graves so widely scattered
Show how fruitful an idea
In peace, or war, may be in moral might.

Brief indeed the war had lasted
Had it raged in hope of plunder;
Briefer still, had glory been its only aim.
But its long and sad duration
And the graves it has bequeathed us
Other motives, other principles proclaim.

Need I mention this idea,
The invincible idea,
That so seemed to hold and save the nation's life;
That, resistless and unblenching,
Undisheartened by disaster,
Seemed the soul and inspiration of the strife?

This idea was of freedom—
Was that men should all stand equal,
That the world was interested in the fight;
That the present and the future
Were electors who had chosen
Us to argue and decide the case aright.

And the theories of freedom
These now silent bugles uttered
Will reverberate with ever growing tones ;
They can never be forgotten,
But will work among the nations
Till they sweep the world of shackles and of thrones.

It is meet that we do honor
To the comrades who have fallen—
Meet that we the sadly woven garlands twine.
Where they buried lie is sacred,
Whether 'neath the northern marble
Or beneath the southern cypress-tree or pine.

Nations are the same as children,
Always living in the future,
Living in their aspirations and their hopes ;
Picturing some future greatness,
Reaching forth for future prizes,
With a wish for higher aims and grander scopes.

It is better for the people
That they reach for an ideal,
That they give their future nations better lives ;
Though the standard be unreal,
Though the hope meets no fulfillment,
Though the fact in empty dreams alone survives.

If the people rest contented
With the good they have accomplished,
Then they retrograde and slowly sink away.
Give a nation an ideal,
Some grand, noble, central project ;
It, like adamant, refuses to decay.

'Tis the duty of the poet,
'Tis the duty of the statesman,
To inspire a nation's life with nobler aims ;
And dishonor will o'ershadow
Him who dares not, or who falsely
His immortal-fruited mission misproclaims.

THE DEFAULTER.

CHICAGO.

"I'll cross the sea," he said, "and the future will be
sunny,
The waves no more will rave;
I'll cross the sea," he said, "and with other people's
money
Be free and gay beyond the ocean's wave."

PARIS.

"I'll move again," he said, "to Naples, Rome, or
Venice.
I will no more divide
With arrogant detectives; I'll live no more in menace,
The Apennines shall separate us wide."

ROME.

"I'll cross the sea," he said, "in a tone of melancholy;
I can divide no more.
I've failed of being happy—have failed of being jolly,
And justice waits me on a distant shore."

CHICAGO.

"I'm here," he said, "for justice. Let the sentence
be impartial ;

By it I will abide.

For my wife is broken-hearted, and I can no longer
marshal

Any of my scattered children to my side."

JOLIET.

"No one," he said, "in chasing after happiness has
found her :

But if she comes at all,

She comes uncalled, unbidden, with a sunny halo
round her—

Visits alike the hovel and the hall."

THE CHILD OF FATE.

I am the child of fate.

What need it matter me

Where I shall buried be!

Death cometh soon or late,

Whether on land or sea ;

What may it matter me !

Of what hope hangs upon

We can no insight get ;

Blindly fate leads us on,

Storming life's parapet.

That which our course impels,

Naught of the future tells.

Whether upon the land,

Whether upon the strand,

What may it matter me

Where I shall buried be !

Death cometh soon or late,

All are the sport of fate.

What should it matter me,
Falling as others fell,
Shattered by shot or shell;
Either on land or sea,
Wrecked on the foaming bar,
Crushed in the shattered car.

Whether by Arctic cliffs,
Where the ice current drifts,
Where the bleak night wind sobs,
Where the black ice-tide throbs;
What though my bark may be
Sunk in some sullen sea!

Each has his work and way,
Each has his part and play,
Each has his task to do,
Both of the good and true.
Whether thou'rt grave or gay,
Be thou yet brave and true.

Work for the right and just,
With an intrepid trust;
Then it need matter thee
Naught, if thou buried be
Either on land or strand,
Either 'neath soil or sea.

LEGOUSIN AI.

[From the Greek of Anacreon.]

The women say :

“ Anacreon, you are old ;

For, taking up a mirror, you behold

The locks of rosy youth how scattered they.”

But as a care

It is not unto me

How old am I, how few my locks may be,

So long as youth's young spirit still is there.

THE PHOTO-GRAPH-U-IST.

[*A Romance Founded on Fiction.*]

Yes, very many pictures this photographist took,
He glued 'em to a pasteboard, and stuck 'em in a
book,

So when you wished to see 'em, all you had to do was
look.

To have their pictures taken, with joyousness and glee
A flock of little maidens came, and one of them, O,
she

Was just as sweet and beautiful as beautiful could be.

Alas! our photo-graph-u-ist was captured from the
start,

For when she "struck her attitude" with such an art-
less art,

She glued her blue-eyed picture to his pasteboard and
his heart.

She left the latter picture for her worshiper to keep.
Too well had it been taken, so accurate, so deep—
It robbed him of his happiness, and even of his sleep.

And still that blue-eyed photograph did haunt him
day and night ;

Although he closed his peepers, 'twould float upon his
sight.

At last he says : " A note to her I will write out out-
right."

" O blue-eyed little maiden, I never would invade
The old time-honored usages that courtesy hath made,
Unless I had an object which I couldn't have delayed.

Allow me, little maiden, to diffidently say,
How ceaselessly a photograph doth haunt me night
and day,
And how vainly mental effort tries to banish it away.

This picture in my memory unceasingly doth dwell,
It follows like a shadow, and it haunts me like a spell ;
It's YOURS, O blue-eyed maiden, whom I love so wild
and well.

This picture from my memory can never be effaced.
You've left a mental 'negative,' and cruelly have
laced
My only heart with yours, within that crimson peasant
waist.

It grieves me such a story so abruptly to relate ;
I only ask a syllable—your answer is my fate,
And happiness or sorrow I impatiently await.”

* * * * *

There is a stately mansion built with elegance and
grace,

It's present situation doesn't enter in the case,
It may be Kansas City, or some other noisy place.

There is a spacious parlor—I will not tell you where,
It's lighted up with chandeliers into a perfect glare,
Two persons stand before a crowd that has assembled
there.

And one has eyes of violet, bright as an amethyst,
And on her shoulders float her chestnut ringlets like
a mist ;

The other, he's our hero, yes, our photo-graph-u-ist.

A minister is reading something very neat and terse ;
It sounds just like a poem, but it doesn't come in verse ;
It ends (if I remember) with, “ for better or for worse.”

Right well, my photo-graph-u-ist, right well the choice
you made ;

The "negative" is now "preserved," you need not be
afraid;

You've gone and got the substance, and the shadow
will not fade.

THE KANSAS DUG-OUT.

Stuck into a Kansas hillside, far away,
Is a cabin made of sod and built to stay ;
 Through the window-like embrasure
 Pours the mingled gold and azure
Of the morning of a gorgeous Kansas day.

Round the cabin clumps of roses, here and there,
With a wild and welcome fragrance fill the air ;
 And the love of heaven settles
 On their open pink-lined petals,
As the angels come and put them in their hair.

Blue-eyed children round the cabin chase the day ;
They are learning life's best lesson—how to stay,
 To be tireless and resistful ;
 And the antelope look wistful,
And they want to join the children in their play.

Fortune-wrecked the parents sought the open West,
Leaving happy homes and friends they loved the best ;
 Homes in cities bright and busy
 That responded to the dizzy,—
To the whirling and tumultuous unrest.

Oft it happens unto families and men
That they need must touch their mother earth again ;
 Rising, rugged and reliant,
 Like Antæus, the old giant,
Then they dare and do great things,—and not till then.

As around his neck the arms of children twine,
Says the father : “ Courage, children, never pine ;
 Though the skies around you blacken,
 Do not yield, the gales will slacken,
Faith and fortitude will win, O children mine.”

Happy prairie children ! Time with rapid wings
Golden trophies to the earnest worker brings.

As the Trojan said : “ Durate
Vosmet rebus et servate ” *—

“ Hold yourselves in hand for higher, nobler things.”

*Æneid, I., 207.

THE BLUE-BIRD OF NOVEMBER

The wind is howling wildly, like a drove of lean
kiyutes;

The steel-clad, floating, freezing storm-cloud from the
northwest comes.

I'm in my cheerful office, reading poems, and my boots
Are stuck up at the stove, which with a blazing hod-
ful hums.

I'm reading of a blue-eyed, wandering, hopeful little
princess looking for a home.

I lay my book of poems upside down upon a chair—
I step up to the window, where a box of fine-cut
stands;

Says I, "By jings, these princesses are getting mighty
rare;

And always have such *dreadful* times with lovers and
with plans,

I'd like to see a useless, blue-eyed, wandering little
princess looking for a home."

"The world is full of sympathy, the world is full of
homes;

The world is full of friendships, though hidden they
may be ;

When gone are friends and sympathy, perforce the
creature roams,

Invoking them, imploring them, at large, o'er land
and sea."

[That's what this sentimental poet writes about this
blue-eyed little princess looking for a home.]

See here, you straggling blue-bird, hopping on the
window sill !

You hop and flop and flutter, like a worn-out Greeley
flag.

You'd better hunt your roosting place ; it's winter and
it's chill,

And hoarse, bleak, evening ice-storms after one
another tag.

Says she, "Unhappy me ; I'm nothing but a wander-
ing, useless little blue-bird, hunting for a home."

Says I, "Then skip for Texas, it isn't far away ;

Go down to where the gulf mists through the orange
branches troop ;

Fly off to where the sunshine dances on Aransas
Bay,

The winter-blooming Brazos, the vine-lined Guade-
loupe.

If I were an itinerant, useless, homeless blue-bird, with
your wings, I'd find a home."

Says she, "Speak not of Guadeloupe, the Brazos, or
the Bay—

The winter-blooming prairies of that sunny-hearted
zone ;

I have flown through orange branches, I have floated
on the spray ;

I discover no companions, and I find myself alone.

I find myself a lonesome, sad, unsocial little blue-bird,
longing for a home."

Into the raging stove I then did hurl a hod of coal,
And raising up the winter-cruised sash-bar from the
sill,

Says I, "Your lonesome feelings I to some extent con-
dole.

Come in ; here's food and firelight, be a tenant at your
will ;

And listen while I read a lovely, long-haired poem of
a blue-eyed princess looking for a home.

"The world is full of happiness, the world is full of
homes,

The world is full of sympathy, though hidden it may
be ;

When gone are friends and sympathy, perforce the
creature roams,

Princess or blue-bird, seeking them, over the land or
sea.'

That's what this gifted, wild-eyed, transcendental poet
says about his blue-eyed little princess looking for
a home."

The blue-bird entered gaily, then quicker than a wink
She darted out and left me, ere the window could be
closed.

I said, you little blue-bird, you'd better stop and think;
But, then, you're like these princesses. It's just as I
supposed.

You'd be unhappy were you not a roaming, rambling,
useless wanderer with no home.

THE PRAIRIE STORM.

With the daylight came the storm ;
And the clouds, like ragged veils,
Trailed the prairie until noontide,
Borne by vacillating gales ;
And the red elms by the streamlets
Dripped upon the wild plum thickets,
And the thickets, on the crickets
And the quails.

Wet and sodden
Lay the prairie grass untrodden.

Through the dismal afternoon
Held the banks of cloud aloof,
As the smoke in frontier cabins
Hugs the rafters in the roof.
Broke the clouds and ceased the dripping,
And the red elms by the streamlets
Caught the fading evening beamlets
That, in proof,
Gave the token
That the summer storm was broken.

With a nimbus like a saint
 Rose the white moon in the east;
And the grass all rose together
 As the guests do at a feast;
And the prairie lark kept singing
All the night long, and the stirring
And the whizzing and the whirring
 Still increased;
 Till all sorrow
Yielded to the brilliant morrow.

THE REAL.

They say

There is a flower that blooms forever,

'Neath far-off sunny skies.

'Tis called the amaranth. It withers never,

It never dies.

I never saw one.

They say

A bird of foreign lands, the condor,

Never alights,

But through the air unceasingly doth wander,

In long, aerial flights.

I never saw one.

They say

That in Egyptian deserts, massive,

Half buried in the sands,

Swept by the hot sirocco, grandly impassive,

The statue of colossal Memnon stands.

I never saw it.

They say

A land faultless, far off, and fairy,

A summer land, with woods and glens and glades,
Is seen where palms rise feathery and airy,

And from whose lawn the sunlight never fades.

I never saw it.

They say

The stars make melody sonorous

While whirling on their poles.

They say through space an interstellar chorus

Magnificently rolls.

I never heard it.

Now what

Care I for amaranth or condor,

Colossal Memnon, or the fairy land,

Or for the songs of planets as they wander

Through arcs superlatively grand.

They are not real.

Hope's idle

Dreams the real vainly follows,

Facts stay as fadeless as the Parthenon ;

While fancies, like the smoky-tinted swallows,

Flit gaily mid its arches and are gone.

IN THE SUPREME COURT, STATE OF
KANSAS.

GEORGE LEWIS, *Appellant*,

VS.

STATE OF KANSAS, *Appellee*.

Appeal from Atchison County.

SYLLABUS.

Law—paw ; guilt—wilt. When upon thy frame the law—
places its majestic paw—though in innocence or guilt—
thou art then required to wilt.

STATEMENT OF CASE BY REPORTER.

This defendant, while at large,
Was arrested on a charge
Of burglarious intent,
And direct to jail he went.
But he somehow felt misused,
And through prison walls he oozed,
And in some unheard-of shape
He effected his escape.

Mark you now !—again the law
On defendant placed its paw,
Like a hand of iron mail,
And resocked him into jail;
Which said jail, while so corralled,
He by sock-age tenure held.

Then the court met, and they tried
Lewis up and down each side,
On the good, old-fashioned plan;
But the jury cleared the man.

Now, *you* think that this strange case
Ends at just about this place.
Nay, not so. Again the law
On defendant placed its paw—
This time takes him round the cape
For effecting an escape;
He, unable to give bail,
Goes reluctantly to jail.

Lewis, tried for this last act,
Makes a special plea of fact:
“Wrongly did they me arrest,
As my trial did attest.
And while rightfully at large,
Taken on a wrongful charge,

I took back from them what they
From me wrongly took away."

When this special plea was heard,
Thereupon THE STATE demurred.

The defendant then was pained
When the court was heard to say,
In a cold, impassive way,
"The demurrer is sustained."

Back to jail did Lewis go ;
But, as liberty is dear,
He appeals, and now is here
To reverse the court below.
The opinion will contain
All the statements that remain.

ARGUMENT AND BRIEF OF APPELLANT.

"As a matter, sir, of fact,
Who was injured by our act—
Any property or man?—
Point it out, sir, if you can.
Can you seize us, when at large,
On a baseless, trumped-up charge ;
And, if we escape, then say
It is *crime* to get away—

When we rightfully regained
What was wrongfully obtained?

Please-the-court-sir, what is crime?
What is right, and what is wrong?
Is our freedom but a song,
Or the subject of a rhyme?"

ARGUMENT AND BRIEF OF THE ATTORNEY FOR THE
STATE.

"When THE STATE, that is to say,
WE, takes liberty away—
When the padlock and the hasp
Leave one helpless in our grasp,
It's unlawful then that he
Even *dreams* of liberty;
Wicked dreams that may in time
Grow and ripen into *crime*—
Crime of dark and damning shape;
Then if he perchance escape,
Evermore remorse will roll
O'er his shattered, sin-sick soul.

Please-the-court-sir, how can we
Manage people who get free?"

REPLY OF APPELLANT.

" Please-the-court-sir, if it's *sin*,
Where does *turpitude* begin ? "

PER CURIAM. (OPINION OF THE COURT.)

" We-don't-make-law ; we are bound
To interpret it as found.

The defendant broke away ;
When arrested he should stay.

This appeal can't be maintained,
For the record does not show
Error in the court below,
And we nothing can infer.
Let the judgment be sustained ;
All the justices concur."

[*Note by the Reporter.*]

Of the sheriff, rise and sing :
"Glory to our earthly king!"

(19 Kas. 266.)

THE ORGAN GRINDER.

I'm ignorant of music, but still, in spite of that,
I always drop a quarter in an organ grinder's hat.
I welcome on the pavement that old, familiar noise,
Around which fondly gather all the little girls and
 boys,
While solemn, sad, and hungry stands, a-turning at the
 crank,
A nobleman from Europe, of attenuated rank.

The nobleman looks sad, but gives with organistic
 glee,
A ballad of old Ireland, the jewel of the sea—
“The most distracted country that we have ever seen;
They're hangin' men and women there, for wearin' of
 the green,—
For wearin' of the green, for wearin' of the green;
They're hangin' men and women there, for wearin' of
 the green.”

And then I think of those who went away to the war
 with me,
Who claimed a home in Ireland, the jewel of the sea;

My comrades and my messmates, none braver or more
true;

Holding aloft the stars and stripes, a-wearing of the
blue.

Alas! far down in Dixie their many graves are seen ;
Beneath the grassy hillocks they are wearing of the
green.

Immortal little island ! No other land or clime
Has placed more deathless heroes in the Pantheon of
time.

Anon the noble Roman brings his music to a halt ;
There seems an indication of a neighboring revolt.
He takes a change of venue of about a dozen feet,
And enfilades the windows that front upon the street.
Around him whirl the girls and boys, with animated
glee.

Once more he grinds ; I recognize "Der Deutscher
Companie."

"Der Deutscher companie ish der beshtest com-
panie"—

The music bears me backward to the year of '63.
I saw a German regiment step out from our brigade ;
It marched across a meadow where a hundred cannon
played ;

Its bugles hurled defiance ; it skirmished up a slope
Amid a fire that gave no man a promise of a hope.

They fell like wheat ; they came not back ; at night no
bugles played—

There was no German regiment attached to our brig-
ade.

The world has seen thy valor, O land of song and vine !
Since Hermann plucked the eagles from the ramparts
of the Rhine.

Down valor's lustrous colonnade is seen the marble
throng—

Thy warriors and thy scholars, O land of vine and
song.

About this time the nobleman is asked to take a rest ;
The fires of indignation light his Romulistic breast.
He stops the crank ; he gazes up defiantly, yet mute,
While from the second story there proceeds an ancient
boot.

With steady gaze he watches it, and, like a man of
nerve,

He accurately calculates its hyperbolic curve.

He dodges it ; he marches on ; but soon this man of
Rome

Begins again to turn the crank, when—"Johnny comes
marching home.

When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah!
hurrah—

The women will sing, the men will shout,

The boys and girls will all turn out;

And we'll all be gay when Johnny comes marching
home."

And then I think of those again who went with me to
war—

They knew where they were going, and what they
went there for;

They felt that there was little left of present or of
past,

Of hope, of home, of future, if the die was wrongly
cast.

Fires smouldered at the firesides, when the Nation
called, "To arms!"

My comrades left the forest, the foundries, the farms;
They fought the Nation's battles, on the land and on
the sea—

Alas! alas! no millionaire went off to the war with me.
The merit of the country marched, and filled the Union
ranks—

The money of the country marched, and filled the
English banks.

At last the war was over, and Johnny ceased to roam—
He came with bugles playing; the specie sneaked back
home.

O outcast organ grinder, thy simple ballads start
The frenzy of the cyclone through the highlands of
my heart.

Some sneer thy ragged music, because to them there
comes

No bawling of the bugles, no raving of the drums.
They hear no "boots and saddles" sound in the mid-
night chill;

They hear no angry cannon thunder up the rocky hill;
They hear no canteens rattle; they see no muskets
shine,

As ranks sweep by in double quick to brace the skir-
mish line.

Go play thy simple music, O friendless sport of fate.
The ballads of the people are the bulwarks of the
State.

The bugles that hang dreaming now, like bats upon
the wall,

Remember well those choruses that rose above the
call;

In their reminiscent musings, those battered bugles see
The glories of the future in the centuries to be.

AN AGREED STATEMENT OF FACTS

AS TO THE ADMISSION OF MR. HIC JONES TO
THE PAINT CREEK BAR, KANSAS.

Jones was young and unassuming, but the shrewd
observer saw
Something that appeared abnormal in the structure of
his jaw.

When the court convened, old Snipe-'em, with a voice
like a guitar,
Offered Jones's application for admission to the bar.
Then the court looked wise and owly, and in slow,
judicial tones
Ordered Snipe-'em, Brown, and Spot-'em first to
analyze young Jones ;
Saying, "Gentlemen, be thorough ; at the opening of
the court,
We will skip the motion docket and consider your
report."

Sheriff Grabb then showed the party to the "ante"-
room—up-stairs,

Where a table stacked with gun-wads had been check-
mated with chairs.

It was four o'clock precisely ; Spot-'em gently turned
the key,

Saying, "Frauds, I'll act as banker—waltz your ducats
up to me."

The analysis proceeded until twelve or thereabout,
When the stock of ardent spirits unexpectedly gave
out.

Spot-'em wrote a note to Julius, saying, "Julius, if you
please,

Send us up a red-hot lunch for four ; we're raking
down for threes."

And an order for *frumenti* and cigars was sent by
Brown,

Drawn on Thomas, of the "Wilder," chief nose-artist
of the town.

The committee stopped for supper, readjusted all their
loans,

And continued with fresh vigor their researches for
young Jones.

Just about this time, "the district clerk of the afore-
said court,"

By some unknown coincidence, dropped in to see the
sport.

Having hefted the *frumenti*, he did cheerfully reply
To their bland interrogations in regard to "chicken-
pie."

Unpaid fees in Spot-'em's cow case were discounted
then by Brown,

Which the clerk took out in gun-wads, most of which
young Jones raked down.

At the hour of three precisely, after four successful
raids,

Spot-'em raked down Snipe-'em's shirt studs on a hand
composed of spades ;

Snipe-'em took a dose of tonic and reluctantly
resigned,

While the clerk, with sad bravado, went a collar-but-
ton blind.

Hour by hour the game continued ; Jones came in on
every draw,

But no syllable proceeded from that strange, abnormal
jaw.

On a bench snoozed Snipe-'em, sadly, in the corner of
the room,

While the smoked-up coal-oil chimney cast a deep,
sepulchral gloom ;

And at times his troubled slumbering evoked uncon-
scious moans,

As if saying, "It is difficult—this analyzing Jones."

At last the time at which the court should reassemble
came ;

It did not seem to influence the progress of the game ;
They had not yet made up their minds concerning
their report.

And here we leave them briefly while we look in on
the court.

A *pro tem.* judge was on the bench ; two members of
the bar

Assaulted twelve one-gallows men with words of legal
war.

The way was this : It seems that Smith, in opening
his case,

Had told the jury carelessly, as of some time or place,
That he had seen a real, dead mule ; his language was
not pat—

Of course nobody ever saw a mule as dead as that.

But still Smith was excusable—the heat of a debate

May lead a man unconsciously to slightly overstate.

Zeal for a client's lawsuit—the more if it be weak—

May make a lawyer's language go impalpably oblique.

But still, upon the other hand, an orator, forsooth,

Should try and keep his statements within gunshot of
the truth ;

And Smith was very careless in observance of the rule

To make so rash a statement in regard to any mule.

Its absurdness never struck him, for he never stopped
to think ;

All at once he dropped upon it when he saw a juror
wink.

Now if Smith had been sagacious, he immediately
then

Would have modified that statement to those twelve
one-gallows men —

Would have intimated mildly that it might have been
a horse,

But he didn't ; conscience smote him, and he sank
down with remorse—

Folded up as folds a primrose when the gates of day
are shut ;

Folded up as folds a jack-knife when a piece of plug is
cut.

The greater our experience the more surely do we find
Remarks should be adaptable unto the hearer's mind.
Twelve preachers might have "took it in," but Smith
could never fool

Twelve citizens of Turkey Creek with reference to the
mule.

Then up rose lawyer Soak-'em, and his lips were close
compressed,

His left hand gripped his coat-tail, his right was on
his breast ;

He gazed on the "palladium" ; his look was stern and
high—

In thunder tones he emphasized Smith's statement as
a lie ;

And then, in terms that Soak-'em took occasion to
adorn,

He branded him—denounced him—held him up to
public scorn,

Pointed his finger at him, and, in allegoric sense,

He peeled Smith's epidermis off and hung it on the
fence.

Then in a few pathetic words he made allusion to

The immortality of mules, which every juror knew.

The jury cheered the diction that in such profusion
came,

And Smith—he writhed in agony of hopeless grief
and shame.

The jury then were eulogized appropriately neat—

Of course they found for Soak-'em without rising from
their seat.

But how they reached the merits of the case is not so
clear,

For the action they were trying was replevin for a
steer.

And then the restless, coatless, but appreciative crowd
Gave Smith "the great, big horse-laugh," and he sat
there cold and cowed.

Hereupon came Brown and Spot-'em, Jones and
Snipe-'em in the rear,
Arm in arm, each with his necktie dangling down
below his ear ;
Each one made a short, spasmodic pull upon his
rumpled vest,
And, fronting up before the judge, the whole platoon
right-dressed.

"Hic—your honor," said old Snipe-'em, with a voice
diffused, yet sweet,

"Hic—we've ma' der 'zamination mor' n'er usual com-
plete ;

We've jus' gone—hic—thro' er can'idate ; 's proficiency
is fair.'

"Hic—you bet," said Brown, who eyed the court with
a mild, fishy glare.

"Went ri' through—hic—Jones," said Snipe-'em ; "he
z'all ri'—hic—on 'er law ;

He can draw 'er chattel mortgage—or three aces ever'
draw ;

'Z got all Spot-'em's text-books and reports ; mine, too
—hic—haint he, Brown ?

Young—hic—Jones has got 'er principal law libr'y
now in town.

'Z got 'er daisy moral character—Jones squarer 'an a
string ;

Raised old Spot-'em seventeen dollars, an' he didn't
have a thing ;

'Z by all means admit—hic—Jones 'er bar ; 'ose book
mus' stay in town ;

Hic—old Spot's too full for utterance." "Zas so."
responded Brown.

"Clerk, swear Hic Jones," old *pro tem.* said in lan-
guage gruff and quick.

(The court supposed that Jones's antecedent name
was "Hic.")

Then the clerk said somewhat vaguely, "You do
swear—hic—from 'is date,

You will solem'ny support 'er conistution of er State ;
Be 'er lawyer of 'er bar from this date—hic—forthly
hence.

[Hold up 'er han']—all ri'—hic—bob—so help you—
fifty cents."

Then the judge gave Jones a chromo ; Jones received
it with delight,

And the whole platoon meandered, with a right flank
—hic—file right.

So delighted was a juror that the shingle nail was bust
That did duty as a button where the juror's jeans were
trussed ;

But the cardiac formation of young Smith was turned
to stone—

Ah ! how lurid Jones's future, and how dismal was his
own.

* * * * *

Years have passed, and Smith and Spot-'em have
exuded from the State ;

Brown and Soak-'em work for Findlay, in the coal
bank, lifting slate ;

Snipe-'em got in debt to everyone, but Snipe-'em
never frets—

They made him go to Congress so that he could pay
his debts.

Jones is everywhere considered a bright, peculiar star ;
He's got one case they say will make his fortune at
the bar :

Ejectment for a dam-site on the shores of Yellow
Paint—

On that boulder-drifted shore,
Where the angry billows roar,
And the women loudly snore, whether they're asleep
or ain't.

He wrote and now delivers an exceedingly fine lecture
On "Proceedings in Tribunals of Penultimate Con-
jecture;"
And this very able thesis, though epitomized and
short,
Contains the law for all the courts of *dernier* last
resort.

Let us hope that Jones's future, so auspiciously begun,
May, like Snipe-'em's outlawed due bills, have suffi-
cient time to run.

A CORN POEM.

*[Delivered at Kansas Celebration, Centennial 4th of
July.]*

Our President and Governor have said,
In proclamations that you all have read,
That we the record of the hundred years,
Its hopes, its histories, its pioneers,
Should hear in public; wishing to obey,
We meet together on the present day.

As local annals and such themes as those
Are more attractive when addressed in prose,
And as the dense statistics of the times
Are somewhat irreducible to rhymes;
We leave those subjects to their proper charge,
And take the liberty to roam at large.

There have been men who into verse complete
Could rhyme a township map, a tax receipt;
But no such man is here. Ourself to-day
Must treat of subjects in a general way.
While present prices rule on steers and grain,
Divine, first-class emotion can't sustain.

At such low figures, any Kansas muse
All pyrotechnic efforts must refuse ;
Dates, names, statistics, and such themes as those
Must go remanded to the realms of prose ;
So here a humble poem we commence,
Equivalent to corn at twenty cents.

Nate Price of Troy, at Leavenworth last June,
Told of a backwoods Arkansaw saloon :
Two gay "commercial tourists," somewhat dry,
Stepped in for drinks as they were passing by.
Says one : "Some lemon in my tumbler squeeze."
The other says : "Some sugar, if you please."
Each got a pistol pointed at his head—
"You'll take her straight," the bar-keep gravely said.
The gay commercial tourists bowed to fate,
And quickly took their drinks and exits straight.

The humble poem that we here begin
Has got no lemon and no sugar in.
It's as it is, and we beg leave to state,
On this "auspicious day" you'll take it straight.

My theme to-day is History—not the shelf
Whereon she sets her idols, but herself.

If I examine History aright,
I read of one long and unbroken fight—
One thrilling drama ; every scene and act
Contains the record of a city sacked.
From time to time the curtain drops amain
On cities blazing, with defenders slain ;

Yet, ere their ashes have had time to cool,
They start again to opulence and rule.
To what strange power, so vitalized and strong,
Do these recurrent energies belong ?
Whence come the latent forces that uprear,
From ash and wave, the palace and the pier ?

No answer back the old historian brings ;
His is a tale of battles and of kings.
His prose and verse were written to proclaim
Some useless battle, or some kingly name—
No honor to the brains or to the toil
That pluck the wealth from mountain, sea, and soil.
They leave that out—but throw distinguished light
Upon the least minutiae of a fight.
They name the leaders, and each word they said ;
The hour, the spot, some phalanx charged, or fled ;
The time and place some squadron came in view,
And what it did, or what it failed to do ;

And then because some something was not done,
This king, or that, is whipped and has to run.
Then come three cheers for the successful king,
And bugles peel—like slippery elms in spring.

Since Cecrops landed on the Grecian shore,
Brought on a stock—started a country store—
Picked out a site by some prophetic guess,
And boomed old Athens to a grand success,
The human mind has always sought renown
In founding states, or building up a town.
Full four and thirty centuries have passed
Since enterprising Cecrops breathed his last,
And many cities since that early day
Have grown up grandly, and have passed away ;
Yet ancient chroniclers forget to state
What built the cities, and what made them great.
Of those of whom the olden stories sing,
The greatest hero is the unknown king.
Of him of whom old history gives no clew—
This unknown king—declare I unto you.

Who framed the social structure ? paid the bill ?
Who organized its labor and its skill ?
Who built the ships and wharfs ? Who wove the sail ?
Who fed the armies ? and who forged their mail ?

No answer ancient history gives back.
These unknown kings no wealthy cities sack;
And history, with proud, patrician frown,
Ignores a power that never burned a town.
Read of the growth of states, and you will find
Their opulence to some great king assigned;
And being king, by accident or force,
He gets the credit, as a thing of course.
Now, when the truth is told, it shows two things:
That states are rich and great in spite of kings;
Also that nations opulent are made
Neither by kings nor battles, but by trade.

Old Business is the monarch. He rules both
The opulence of nations and their growth.
Him that we call endearingly "Old Biz,"
He does the work, the credit all is *his*.
He builds their cities and he paves their streets,
He feeds their armies and equips their fleets.
Kings are his puppets, and *his* arm alone
Contains the muscle that can prop a throne;
Soon would the gilded fabric tumble down
Were Business not the regent of the crown.

Old History, stand up. We wish to ask
Why you so meanly have performed your task.

Under your arm you have a showy book,
In which we now insist that we may look;
We'd like to see what's in that gilt-edged tome.
Say, did Old Business ever reign in Rome?
You say he didn't? Well, may we inquire
If the aforesaid Business reigned at Tyre?
"Don't b'lieve he did?" Well, look the index through
And see if he is mentioned *once* by you.
"Can't find his name?" Well, that is somewhat queer.
Say, of Old Business did you ever hear?
You never did? Well I'm inclined to think
Pens full of pigs, and not pens full of ink,
Should be the object of your future skill,
And that your book should feed the paper mill.
O History! the language may be broad,
But we must here impeach you as a fraud.

There is a cheerful story that is told
About a great Egyptian king of old;
He thought to build a lighthouse on an isle
That fronted on the delta of the Nile.
He thought to take the money of the State,
Build something big, and be forever great.
He called for architects, selected one,
And turned him over treasure by the ton.
On that flat isle, o'er which the breakers curled,

Up rose the second wonder of the world ;
Far o'er the land and distant ocean viewed,
Five hundred feet in snow white marble hewed ;
And on its summit watch fires, day and night,
Directed shipping with a constant light—
The tower of Pharos, capped with massive ledge,
Bearing the monarch's name upon the edge,
And o'er the sea for many a league marine
The royal name of Ptolemy was seen.
The architect, unhonored and unknown,
Died, leaving all the credit to the throne ;
The man whose splendid genius planned and wrought
Was not considered worthy of a thought.
Then died the king, and people one by one
Spoke of the tower as something *he* had done.
There stood the lighthouse, but each new decade
Beheld the king's inscription slowly fade.
It dimmer grows, until it fades from sight,
And then a new inscription comes to light ;
The architect asserts *his* rightful claim—
Where stood the king's, now stands the builder's name.
The king's name, wrought in stucco work and paint,
Each year beheld grow dimmer and more faint ;
Filled with cement, this sentence had been hid :
“ For mariners, by Sos-tra-tos, of Cnid.”
The rugged, massive letters, carved in Greek,

The builder and his residence bespeak,
While in the dust, upon the sea and shore,
The kingly name goes scattered evermore.

Great States, whose splendid ruins scattered lie,
Have stood like wonders in the days gone by ;
And every State, before it met decay,
Has ruled the world on some eventful day—
Has taken rule by virtue of its sons.
Through every State the thread of empire runs ;
The ancient nations and the ancient creeds
Are strung on *empire* like a row of beads ;
And on the ruins that in silence sleep
The name of business has been graven deep.
And he has made them be what they have been ;
Has made them win because they needs must win.
And he the architect, who planned and wrought,
Building no better than he knew and thought—
And over all, in stucco work and paint,
The names of kings are feebly seen and faint.

The now aggressive spirit of the age
Adds to old History an unwritten page.
Chip off the paint and plaster, and anew
Restore the name of Business to our view.
Vain were the effort, in this modern age,
To tell when Business came upon the stage ;

First when and where he hung his shingle out,
Is, like a jury trial, full of doubt.

The first important European town,
In point of time and subsequent renown,
Was Athens; and when founded, facts attest
That nerve and business then were tending west.
If, for a point of time to fix upon,
We take the era of King Solomon,
We find that restless movement of the race
Toward the western world is taking place;
The emigration has become so vast,
With buccaneers the seas are swarming fast;
Athens grows large, and public spirit calls
For graded streets and more extensive walls;
Then Greece fills up, until the moving host
Is banked upon the Adriatic coast.
The sea but for a moment stops the tide;
Brundisium springs from the Italian side.
Then west by north, in undiminished size,
The volume of the emigration plies;
Back o'er the line, to deep Brundisium's bay,
Rome builds and paves the world-wide Appian way.
Checked by the western sea, the restless tide
Builds up a chain of cities, side by side.
Then, seeking vent on scarce divergent lines,

Boils through the foot-hills of the Apennines,
Builds Florence, Milan, Genoa, Turin,
Halts at the Alps, but halts to re-begin ;
Then, like a pent-up torrent, the advance
Pours through the Alps and floods the plains of
France.

The path of empire follows in its train ;
The western world it gives to Charlemagne.

Still on it goes, the straits of Dover crossed ;
England opposes, but her cause is lost ;
The island fills, no land is left, then she
Starts out to grasp the empires of the sea.

Who planned this movement? What impelled the
tide?

Kings tried to stop it, but as vainly tried.
—How quickly is the frail conundrum guessed ?
—It was Old Business—he was going west.

This bright New World—its wonderful career,
Is too well known to be examined here.
Its hopes, its progress, rapid and diverse,
Need greater inspiration to rehearse.
To-day we turn the hour-glass, and anew
The sands of a fresh century start through.

On July Fourth we always float the flag

And push the old bald-eagle from the crag ;
Fly him the length and breadth of this fair land,
From the Penobscot to the Rio Grande ;
Then, without rest, we quickly start him on
A trip from Florida to Oregon ;
Then bring him back, and send him to the sky,
And let him stay there till the next July.
O grand old bird, o'er many a weary mile
They've made you sail in oratoric style,
While fledgeling speakers, in refulgent prose,
Capped many a gorgeous climax as you rose.
To-day our choicest colors are unfurled,
Soar up, proud bird, and circle round the world ;
And we predict that nowhere will you find
A place like Kansas that you left behind.
He who has lived in Kansas, though he roam,
Can find no other spot and call it "Home."

As Ingalls says, a Kansas man may stray—
May leave—perchance depart, or go away ;
In short, may roam, but be it anywhere,
He must return, if he can raise the fare.
No other State those wants so well subserve
Of enterprise, of energy, of nerve ;
No other State more thoroughly maintains
A deep, firm hold on enterprise and brains ;

No other State has held a greater power
To meet the harsh requirements of the hour.
Though border war her cities overrun,
Though swarms of locusts shade the summer sun,
No matter what misfortunes may occur,
The State goes on as if they never were.
Cities arise where towns were burned before,
The prairies sparkle with the church and store,
And painted harvesters, fleet after fleet,
Like yachts, career through seas of waving wheat.

We all believe in Kansas ; she's our State,
With all the elements to make her great—
Young men, high hopes, proud dreams—'tis ours to see
The State attain to what a State should be.

And when a hundred years have drifted by,
When comes the next Centennial July ;
When other orators, in other verse,
Far better days in better ways rehearse ;
When other crowds, composed of other men,
Shall re-enact the present scene again ;
May they be able then to say that she
Is all that we have wished the State to be.

THE MEDICINE MAN.

A Story of a Kansas Pioneer.

Stories often teem with sadness—this is desolate and
grim;

It is of a Kansas doctor, and the way we treated him.
And the object of these verses is an eloquent appeal
To those higher, nobler feelings that, of course, you
know you feel.

Any man who hears this story is obliged to shed a tear;
When I read it to the editor that runs the *Pioneer*,
Hopeless melancholy seized him, and for quite a week,
or more,

He was wading round in gum boots through the tears
upon the floor.

Out to Kansas came a doctor, wide awake and full of
pluck;

Up in Atchison he settled, and he leaned up close to
luck.

There he hung out his diploma, and he stayed from
spring to fall,

But he never saw an invalid, and never got a call.

Colonel Martin then advised him that more practice
could be got,

If he only shipped his talent to suburban Wyandotte.
Up in Wyandotte he lingered just about a year in all,
And he talked about his college, but he never reached
a call.

Buchan urged him: "Raid Topeka"; but Taylor
calmly said :

"Try Leavenworth or Lawrence, 'hwich are better, in
their stead."

Lawrence, Leavenworth, Topeka yielded similar re-
sults,

And he felt much disappointment, but he didn't feel
much pulse.

One sad day he met with Murdock, who observed :
"Come down below ;

Try the Nile of sunny Kansas;" and the doctor said
he'd go.

First he cashed a fat ancestral draft; then, plunging
in the dark,

Gave to fortune and to Murdock the direction of his
bark.

Down at Wichita he anchored, but his chance was
just as slim;

His bark was all Peruvian—they had no need of him.

Shortly after he had "opened out" in busy Wichita,
He absorbed by merest accident the rudiments of
"draw."

His office stayed unopened for a few eventful days;
He diagnosed that noble game in all its wondrous
ways.

One eve he found a bob-tailed flush of most important
size;

He stayed behind it and became a pauper in disguise.

Then said he: "This 'bleeding Kansas' is no place
for me to dwell—

One lone 'call' in three years and a half, and the man
that 'called' was well!"

Then a very lonesome shirt or two into his trunk he
stored,

And he left his watch in mortmain with his landlord
for his board;

And he straightened up, disgusted, and relieved his
burdened mind.

With opinions of the country he was now to leave
behind.

"There is something to this country that I do not
understand:

Working, scheming, trade, and business, lively law-
suits, labor, land;

There is not that noble yearning here for pills and cultured thought,

All my classic erudition is both useless and unsought ;
And the people, as I find them, are as ignorant as geese

Of the woes of Asia Minor and the Iliad of Greece.

No one stops to read my sheepskin that has hung
from week to week ;

No one ever mentions Ajax, no one ever mentions
Greek.

People suffer in abundance from the most unheard-of
health,

And they keep acquiring lawsuits and accumulating
wealth.

Day by day a man keeps working, just as happy as a
clam,

If he only has the cash to buy a lawsuit and a ham.

Only yesterday I saw a man I thought would surely
die ;

He had got a compound, comminuted fracture of the
thigh.

Aching but a half an hour or so, the leg declined to
swell,

He poured cold water on it and the next day it was
well.

Then he worked six hours that afternoon, and, ere the
sun went down,
He got into a lawsuit with the fattest man in town.

Now and here I pack my little trunk. By vum! I
wouldn't stay
In climates where a man gets old, dries up, and blows
away ;
Wouldn't live in a community where fortunes every
week
Can be made by men without the slightest rudiments
of Greek.
Let me—let me find some sickly, classic, sentimental
spot.
Here, sir! check my baggage eastward, *via* Paint
Creek and Fort Scott."

Then he wiped the perspiration from his high and
noble brow,
And he filed some affidavits that I don't remember
now.
Shortly after this, a mule train, from the westward
coming slow,
Camped beside the raging Paint Creek, with the doc-
tor on the go.

An old army mule that evening, after supper, just for
fun,

Kicked and broke the doctor's arms and legs, and all
his ribs but one.

This old mule would make a hero for a romance or a
song ;

When the drums beat, and the bugles sounded battle
loud and long,

He enlisted in the army, and he helped to pull a train
Up the mountains, down the valleys, through the sun-
shine and the rain ;

And right well he served his country, for he knew
where duty lay ;

He could live for weeks on end-gates when they
couldn't give him hay.

No complaining, no desertion ; through the gumbo to
the hub,

Week by week our long-eared hero jerked a wagon
load of grub.

Lightning struck him, cannon shot him, but he never
failed nor flunked ;

Danger left him as it found him — undiscouraged,
undefunct.

And in all my army service I have never seen a mule
With a keener comprehension of the educated fool.
He would spot a man instanter, if he overheard him
speak

About Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Correlation, Force or
Greek ;

He would work and watch in silence, and look sheep-
ish day by day,

One eye closed in meditation, tiil that man got in his
way ;

Then that person's friends were lucky if they did not
have to make

A collection of their comrade with a basket and a rake.

Three long days and nights the doctor in my shanty
did remain ;

Oftentimes he'd grow despondent, and have symptoms
of a pain ;

Oftentimes he'd seem discouraged, and would say in
accents weak :

" Oh ! condemn a State where folks get rich without a
word of Greek."

Then his language would get flighty from the press-
ure of his ills,

Mixing Latin, Greek, and Ajax up with three jacks,
checks, and pills.

But I knew he would recover, or, at least, I thought I
knew

That the ozone in the climate was dead sure to bring
him through.

On the fifth day, convalescent, rose this damaged
guest of mine,

And upon the sixth, all right, but sad, he crossed the
Kansas line.

Left behind him in his exit were ambition, hope and
spunk ;

Kansas retained his enmity—Paint Creek retained his
trunk.

Now, a true poetic justice very rigidly asserts
That I ought to add a sequel to our hero and his
shirts ;

And a thorough comprehension of the reason of the
rule

Says the sequel might embody something further of
the mule.

Well, our hapless, trunkless hero has regained his
native State,

He's æsthetic, he's got wisdom, and is honored—but
sedate ;

He has found congenial country, rich and sickly, so to
speak,

Where the people live on coupons, and like medicine
and Greek ;

And a very pleasant stipend he is able now to draw
From the active perspiration of his large and manly
jaw.

He has gotten out a volume, which a leading paper
said

Showed a vast amount of learning, and a very level
head ;

And he lectures to the students in the colleges near by ;
And he tells about ambition—how a man should do or
die ;

Talks of allegoric eagles flying upward to the sun ;
Tells them all about success in life, and how the thing
is done.

And he lectures those poor students all about the roll
of fame—

How a man should take a broad-axe, as it were, and
hew a name ;

Talks of noble, high endeavor, and refers in strains
sublime

To those antiquated footsteps left upon those sands of
time.

These same lectures have been printed—they're the
best I ever saw ;

But they do not mention Kansas, and they don't refer
to "draw."

Now my heart would swell with pathos, and my lan-
guage fill with gush,

Just to think what nerve it takes to stay behind a bob-
tail flush ;

But, of course, it isn't business for a lecturer to speak
Of such subjects to a people who are so diseased with
Greek.

But if they will send these students to the shore of
Yellow Paint—

To that boulder-drifted shore, where the angry billows
roar,

And the women loudly snore, whether they're asleep
or ain't—

I could tell them in my lecture that there seems to be
a law

That applies as well to greatness as we know it does
to "draw."

If you have some pairs to draw to, and have only got
the sand,

You may make the world a pauper on the first or
second hand.

If you have no pair to draw to, you must "ante" and
must wait :

You are likely to be gobbled, but not likely to be great.
Fame is something like the waiter that went roaring
down the hall,

Giving neither bread nor greatness to the man with
one fish-ball.

When the summer moon is beaming on the prairie and
the stream,

When my silver-lighted shanty seems the palace of a
dream,

Then I sit out on my wood pile, and I ponder very
fast

O'er the somewhat funny present, and the much more
funny past ;

Think of things that might have happened—things
forgotten long ago—

How the past had changed the present had it hap-
pened so and so.

Then I think about the future, and the turn that things
may take ;

And I say : Hopes are but dreamings of a person wide
awake ;

Then I add: "Good-bye, old Mundane," as to couch
and dreams I go;

"I'm the bachelor of Paint Creek, and my name is
JOSEPH JOE."

ADIEU.

Oft the resonance of rhymes
Future hearts and distant times
 May impress ;
Shall humanity to me,
Like my Kansas prairies, be
 Echoless ?

IRONQUILL.

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